The Outlook

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COVER PORTRAIT

Abraham Lincoln

From a bas-relief made by J. Scott Hartley for the State of Illinois. Reproduced from the only replica made, by the courtesy of the owner Mr. Henry R. Wilson, President of the Lincoln Trust Company, New York

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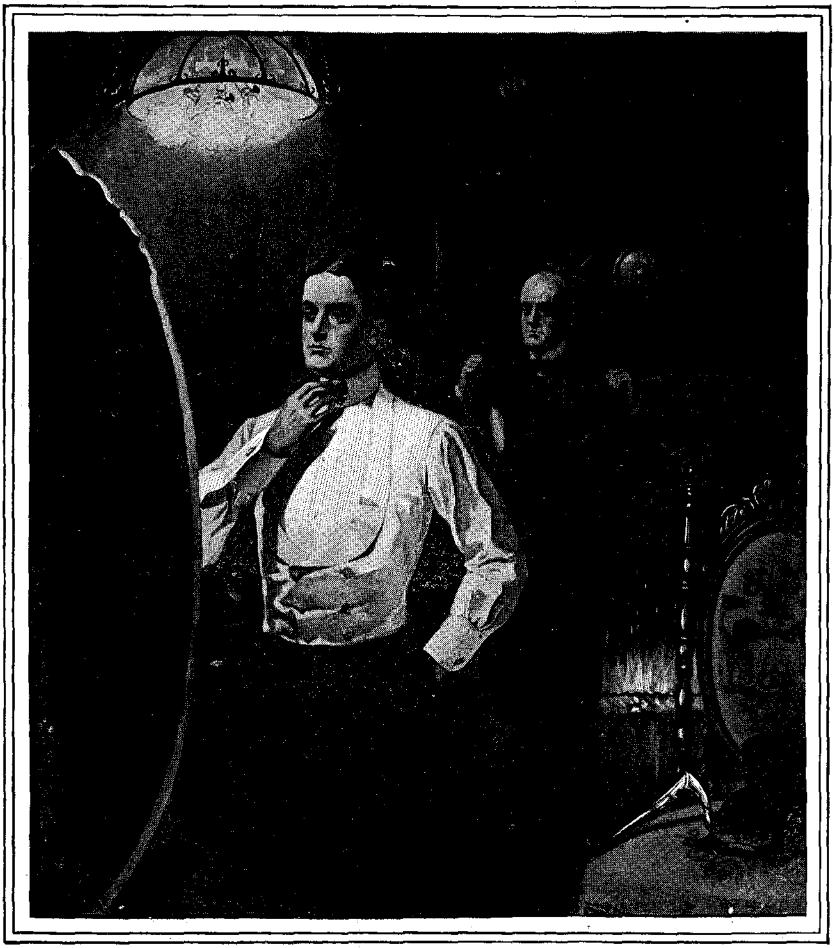

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906

The Election in France M. Fallières, President of the French Senate, was elected President of the French Republic by the National Assembly on Wednesday of last week on the first ballot; 846 votes were cast, of which M. Fallières received 449 and M. Doumer 371, and there were 28 scattered votes. The Assembly, consisting of the Deputies and the Senators, met in the Congress Hall of the Palace of Versailles at one o'clock; and although the proceedings were long, owing to the fact that the members of the Assembly voted in alphabetical order, there appears to have been very little doubt about the result from the beginning. When the announcement was finally made, it was received with a great outburst of enthusiasm. The President-elect returned to Paris from Versailles escorted by a guard of honor, and was received with the greatest friendliness at the city limits and during his passage to the Elysée Palace, where he was met by President Loubet. There have been nine Presidential elections since the establishment of the Third Republic, but only two Presidents, Grévy and Loubet, have finished their term of office. The election of M. Fallières means the continuity of the policy of moderation in home affairs and conciliation in foreign affairs which has stamped the administration of President Loubet from the beginning. The President and the President-elect are old and warm friends, and their attitude toward current politics is substantially harmonious. M. Fallières is a Republican of pronounced though not radical tendencies, a resolute opponent of revolutionary Socialism. He is also a devout Catholic, but a believer in a free Church in a free State. During the exciting discussion of Church and State affairs which has been going on in France, the new President's course has been marked by consistent support of the movement looking to the separation of Church and State, and by consistent moderation in dealing with the Church. He has on more than one occasion shown the kind of courage which is essential to the head of a great State, and while he is in sympathy with the liberalizing movement which is rapidly making France thoroughly republican, he is not afraid to oppose the popular will or to advocate an unpopular measure.

* * *

The New President Clément Armand Fallières has very much the same kind of background as President Loubet. They are both sons of the people, children of the soil. Fallières was born sixty-four years ago, in the old province of Gascony, the grandson of a blacksmith and the son of a peasant, like President Loubet. He went to Paris at an early age, passed his examination for the bar, returned to Agen, his native place, and soon secured a first position as a lawyer. He was elected Mayor, returned to Paris as deputy, became Assistant Secretary of the Interior under Jules Ferry, and later was a member of several Cabinets, finally succeeding President Loubet as President of the Senate. Like his predecessor, the new President has kept the simple tastes of his birth and breeding, and represents a kind of integrity by no means too common among French public men. His private life has been free from even the suspicion of any kind of scandal. He is devoted to his family, and, like M. Loubet, loves his fireside, his books, and music. Coming to the great position of President of the Republic in the prime of life, with thirty years of parliamentary experience behind him, intimately acquainted with the ins and outs of French politics, having personal relations with the great majority of public men, a man of sound judgment, good health, stainless morals, and moderate temper, there is every reason to believe that the administration of M. Fallières will mean the steady progression of the French people away from the discords, differences, and uncertainties of the past toward unity, harmony, and the habits of free government. It is fortunate for France that it is likely to have a continuity of policy in the hands of two Presidents so free from entanglement with any of the factions, and of substantial rather than brilliant abilities; for France needs nothing so much as time for quiet growth in republican ways, thought, and habits of action.

❀

America at Algeciras In inaugurating the movement for the Moroccan Conference at Algeciras, France and Germany agreed to consider (1) organization, by international accord, of the police, except on the Algerian frontier; (2) surveillance and repression of contraband arms, except along the Algerian frontier; (3) financial reforms, including the creation of a State bank with the privilege of issuing currency; (4) study of the customs and new means of raising revenues. Two questions arise: Why are Americans to assist in settling these matters? How can they assist except by voting for one side or the other, in which event they are sure to offend a nation with which the American Government is on friendly terms? Last week, in the United States Senate, two prominent Senators, Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, and Mr. Hale, of Maine, expressed the wish that the President had not accepted the invitation to the Moroccan Conference. From their remarks one might gather that the appearance of our representatives at such a congress, or indeed at any congress of European Powers, was something unprecedented in diplomacy—at least a violent departure from Washington's counsels against "entangling alliances." Our right to be at a Moroccan conference is one hundred and nineteen years old. In 1787 we contracted a treaty with Morocco. In 1836 we contracted another. In 1880 America was one of the twelve civilized Powers which united at Madrid in establishing the right of external protection to life and property in Morocco. The treaty agreed upon was ratified by the United States Senate and is still in force. It is said with truth that our interests in Morocco are commercial and not political; but extraterritorial jurisdiction directly affects commercial interests, and, in the present Conference, so do the propositions for establishing an international police, a State bank, new currency, customs, and taxes.

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American Influence Though the opponents in the Conference are France and Germany, no conflict should arise if they confine themselves to the points raised by their respective programmes. If they exceed these, danger may possibly result. Should our delegates be called upon to vote in a way to aggrieve either France or Germany, the Secretary of State can instruct them to withdraw from the Conference; but no such event is anticipated. In any event, if a treaty is agreed to, the American delegates will subscribe to it *ad referendum*, leaving the question of the approval of their act to the subsequent consideration of the Department of State, and, if the Department's approval should be given, leaving the resulting treaty to be passed on by the American Senate before its final ratification. Our delegates, being more disinterested than are any others, are peculiarly qualified to prevent either Power from any action not included in the programme. In the opinion of State Department officials, the complete dissociation of our delegates from any policy, act, or expression which in the remotest degree would tend to thwart or delay a harmonious arrangement between the treaty nations and Morocco should, in the case of any unfortunate situation, add force to the absolute fairness of their advice, and thereby in this negative but none the less influential manner make for the complete harmony and accord of the Conference. The delegates will be in constant touch with the Department by cable, and whatever decisions they may reach will be subject to the approval of the Department. At Portsmouth President Roosevelt and the Administration exercised a beneficent influence in shaping the result. It is to be hoped that at Algeciras the American delegates may exercise a similarly beneficent influence. No other spirit or attitude would justify their presence at the Conference or represent the purpose of the American people.

* * *

France and Venezuela

The strained diplomatic relations between France and Venezuela, reported in The Outlook's last issue, were brought to a definite and serious crisis by President Castro's ill-considered and insulting treatment of M. Taigny. The former French chargé d'affaires had gone on board a French steamer at La Guayra, and was refused permission to return on shore on the allegation that he had boarded the vessel without an official permit. This he was accustomed to do, and his diplomatic position had made it entirely proper. The action of the Venezuelan authorities was arbitrary and insulting both to M. Taigny and his Government; and the excuse that M. Taigny had ceased to be an official representative of France is without force because of the invariable international practice of according diplomats protection and courteous treatment until they have actually left the country with which they have broken off relations. France immediately retaliated by notifying the Venezuelan chargé d'affaires at Paris, M. Maubourguet, that he must leave French territory, and his passports were forthwith sent to him, which is the official method of actually expelling a foreign representative. Beyond this, France will require from Venezuela a formal apology for its action, and is to make a naval demonstration and an exhibition of force in Venezuelan waters and ports by means of the squadron of three ships now in that vicinity, and of others which have been sent across the Atlantic to join them. The entire French press agree in characterizing President Castro's action as intolerable and in demanding unmistakable and substantial reparation, and American sentiment sustains this position. The influential "Temps" declares significantly that France will choose a method of proceeding which will not hurt any one's interest and at the same time will "bring to his senses this strange dictator who in the end will be brought to account by Venezuela itself." Back of the immediate cause of offense lies France's determination to secure a settlement of the matters in dispute already described in The Outlook; namely, the non-payment of awards to French creditors and the hostile action toward the French Cable Company. The assertion that the French Cable Company had favored the insurgents and had refused to pay taxes are positively denied by French officials. It is understood that France has given full assurances and explanations to our own Government about its action in Venezuela. Washington advices indicate that the appointment of our Minister at Caracas to act for France in necessary matters during the cessation of diplomatic relations between France and Venezuela has not been received favorably by President Castro, although such a procedure is the invariable practice in international situations like that existing at present; it is even intimated that despatches from our Government to Mr. Russell have been intercepted by the Venezuelan Government. If this is true, the United States will undoubtedly demand an explanation and will deal with the whole situation as an interested party. That President Castro is quite capable of acting in an unreasonable, petty, and spiteful way has been demonstrated more than once.

* * *

Law and Order in Russia

Last week the Russian Government continued its work of restoring law and order. In St. Petersburg it arrested the members of the latest Workmen's Council, as it had arrested the members of its predecessors. Undismayed, a new Workmen's Council was promptly elected by the Socialists and revolutionaries. This Council immediately issued an address to workmen throughout Russia, threatening with death all who did not obey its commands. In the provinces, acting on the Government's instructions, the military commanders proceeded unsparingly against the revolutionists. On the other hand, the Government summarily retired nineteen generals, all members of the Council of War, representatives of the bureaucracy and opposed to the Witte plan of reformed government. The Czar apparently regards it as essential that the Russian army should be in sympathy with the plan now decided upon by himself and his advisers. His action is a direct blow at the hitherto powerful Council of War itself. Those working for a more liberal government have received further encouragement by the sudden rush last week to register for the elections to the Duma, or Parliament, the advisory body proclaimed six months ago. The period of registration, which expired at the end of last week, has been extended a fortnight. The unexpected rush was due to a final awakening by Socialists and revolutionists to the necessity of having representation in the Duma, after having put themselves on record as favoring boycotting the Duma and continuing the armed revolt. They are now concentrating their attention on getting a full registration from the labor, professional, and Socialist organizations throughout the country.

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Russian Political Parties The Russian revolutionary party is composed of Social Democrats and Anarchists; the Moderate or Liberal party last week split into two well-defined forces, Constitutional Monarchists and Constitutional Democrats. The latter represent the advanced liberal opinions of the zemstvoists—the members of the district and provincial councils. The Constitutional Democrats have now exhibited sufficient political strength to induce the Social Democrats to enter upon a campaign of registration, the latter party hoping to win enough electors to hold the balance of power and force an alliance and a division of seats with the Constitutional Democrats. Thus the Moderate and Revolutionary parties may find some common standing ground of method, if not of principle. There might be an advantage in this both to Constitutional Democrats and to Social Democrats, but the greater advantage would lie with the latter, for, under the present electoral plan, by which the workmen's representatives are to be merged in the general electoral commissions both in the provinces and in the cities, there would seem to be little chance anywhere for an absolute Socialist majority. The news of last week logically continues Russian political history from October 30, 1905, when the Czar published his manifesto granting elementary political rights and appointed Count Witte Prime Minister. Up to that date there had been, as there are now, three great general political divisions in Russia—reactionaries, moderates, revolutionists, with many subdivisions. Up to that date most of the news from Russia had concerned the doings of the reactionaries; from that date they were definitely dethroned, and most of the news from Russia has concerned the Moderates and Revolutionaries. One may at least hope that the reactionaries are permanently set aside, that autocracy and bureaucracy have definitely given place to moderation, reasonableness, a liberal, perhaps a constitutional government.

❀

The Liberal Victory The only interruption of the steady movement towards Liberalism in England as shown by the elections last week was the triumphant return of Mr. Chamberlain to his place in Parliament by an increased majority and the election of seven Unionists from Birmingham, that city, in striking contrast to Manchester and the rest of England, presenting a solid Conservative front. The Liberals interpreted Mr. Chamberlain's success as a tribute to his personal popularity and to his skill as an organizer of political forces. For thirty years he has been the foremost citizen of Birmingham. As member of the school committee, the Common Council, and as Mayor, he contributed greatly to the improvement of municipal methods, and his later career has strengthened his hold upon his fellow-citizens. Outside of Birmingham, one Liberal success has followed close upon another; all the members of the Liberal Government have been returned, many by a very large majority, while seven members of the late Conservative Government have been beaten, including the ex-Prime Minister. The week before last the vote was largely in the cities; last week it was largely in the rural districts; and, judged by the results, Liberal sentiment has captured the country as completely as it has captured the town. The Liberals had at the end of last week 228 seats, and had secured a majority above the combined Unionists, Irish Nationalists, and Laborists. Some estimates place the probable total strength of the Liberals at nearly 400. The great majority which the Liberals are piling up is attracting even less attention than the extraordinary growth of the Labor vote. In the last Parliament this vote was represented by six members; in the new Parliament it is believed that it will be represented by not less than forty votes, divided into three groups, the largest made up of about twenty-two members, who are described as Independents; the second, including Mr. Burns, Mr. Broadhurst, and other well-known moderate labor men, who are likely to act with the Liberals; and the third, a small group, made up of extreme men of various types, mostly Socialistic. The new Parliament will contain an extraordinary number of men unused to its rules and customs. It is estimated that the number of new members will exceed three hundred, a fact which is significant of the revolutionary results of the election, and significant of the very important changes which the Liberal and Labor factors predict.

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The First American Ambassador to Japan

The appointment of Viscount Aoki as the first Japanese Ambassador to the United States has been followed by President Roosevelt's nomination of the Governor-General of the Philippines, Luke E. Wright, to be the first American Ambassador to Japan, and there is every reason to suppose that the nomination will be approved by the Senate. On another page will be found a portrait and personal sketch of Viscount Aoki. Governor Wright's record and personal history have been familiar to American readers since his appointment to the important post he has held in our Eastern possessions. He has been in the Philippines for five years, having first gone out as a member of the second Philippine Commission; he was made Vice-Governor-General in the following year, when civil government was first established. In that work he played an important part, and was, moreover, Acting Governor for some time during the necessary absence of Secretary Taft. The two men worked in perfect accord in putting the new Philippine Government into successful operation; and when two years ago Mr. Taft became Secretary of War, the appointment of Mr. Wright as Governor-General made it possible to carry on without a break and with perfect harmony the policy of our administration already firmly established by Mr. Taft. Governor Wright is by birth a Tennessean, was for several years Attorney-General of that State, and in 1896 was a supporter of Palmer and Buckner, the "Gold Democratic" candidates for President and Vice-President. Governor Wright will be succeeded temporarily in office at Manila by Judge Henry T. Ide, the Vice-Governor, who is now acting as Governor-General during General Wright's absence in this country. It is understood, however, that upon Judge Ide's retiral from office on June 1 next, in accordance with his resignation tendered some time ago, the appointment of Governor-General will be given to James F. Smith, who has served in the Philippines as Colonel and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and as a member of the Philippine Commission, in which he filled the duties of Secretary of Public Instruction.

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The Philippine Bill Passes the House

So much has been said about the firmness and fighting force of the so-called "insurgents" in the House that it was to many a surprise that the Philippine Tariff Bill should be passed by an overwhelming majority.

The final vote was 258 to 71. Of the opposition, 59 votes were from Republican members, while the Democrats cast only 12 votes in opposition. Had the Democrats as a unit opposed the bill, it could not have passed. Thus, so far as the lower House of Congress is concerned, a measure which has its foundation in justice has been adopted with such general assent by the country at large as to indicate that the American people disapprove factious or interested opposition to a policy of making the Philippine Islands prosperous and a satisfactory place of residence for the people in whose behalf the United States exercises control. The bill has been outlined in The Outlook; its main effect is to reduce the tariff on sugar and tobacco coming into the United States from the Philippines from the present seventy-five per cent. of the Dingley duty to twenty-five per cent. thereof until 1909, when they are to come in free of duty altogether. Several attempts were made to modify the measure by amendment, but all of them failed, with the single exception of a concession by the majority in agreeing to include rice, together with sugar and tobacco, as articles on which absolute free trade is not to be applied until 1909. The bill has been introduced into the Senate, and the indications are that, while it may encounter strong opposition, it will ultimately pass. The great danger to be feared is that it will be so amended as to make its effect only partial and less beneficial than it should be.

❀

The Panama Investigation If the members of the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals expected to get any first-hand information from Mr. Poultney Bigelow with regard to affairs on the Isthmus, they must have been sorely disappointed. His testimony consisted largely either of refusals to answer questions or of "impressions" gathered from unnamed persons. An illustration may be taken from his broad assertion that many engineers of note declined to accept Government employment in the Canal Zone because of their disapproval of the methods adopted. Pressed to give names, he finally mentioned two, those of William Barclay Parsons (whose friendly and appreciative relations to the Panama work have been shown in his printed articles) and of Mr. John R. Freeman, of Boston, who instantly denied the statement under his own name. Mr. Bigelow's refusal to give other names on the ground that it would injure his informants' reputations led to his being placed under nominal arrest for contempt of the Committee, but it is not judged probable that proceedings or prosecution will be pressed against him. His melodramatic declaration, "You can put me on bread and water, or even condemn me to Colon, but you cannot make me disclose that which has been given me in confidence," will not, it is confidently hoped, be put to the test. As to his actual observation on the Isthmus, Mr. Bigelow said that he spent the greater part of two days there. Mr. Shonts says that it was twenty-eight hours and ten minutes, and that "in that time Mr. Bigelow accumulated a fund of exact knowledge sufficient to enable him to draw a general and sweeping indictment of the President, Secretary Taft, the Canal Commission, Governor Magoon, Chief Engineer Stevens, Colonel Gorgas, and everything that has been done on the Isthmus since the American Government came into possession of the Canal Zone." Before the Committee Mr. Bigelow said that he had spent most of his time in investigating sanitary conditions, and had found that laborers were landed in an oozy swamp of a pestilential character, and that their housing and sanitation were atrocious. The thoroughness of his investigation is illustrated by Mr. Shonts's quotation of Mr. Bigelow's statement that the volume of water in a recent rain was so great that it "backed the sewage up into cellars and ruined many houses"—the truth being, Mr. Shonts points out, that there is not a cellar in Panama, and never has been. The country at large seems to be of all but unanimous opinion that the circumstances of Mr. Bigelow's investigation make his testimony practically valueless, and that the verdict of the New York "Tribune," "laughed out of court," is substantially correct.——The

Senate Committee has, it is reported, summoned as a witness Mr. Wallace, whose resignation was so severely criticised by Secretary Taft. It is announced that the Canal Commission will let out to responsible contractors comparatively short sections of the actual work, in the belief that in many cases the work can be done better and more expeditiously by contract than by the Government directly.

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The National Board of Trade

For many years the National Board of Trade has been meeting in annual sessions in Washington. During that time it has discussed many subjects, and its recommendations to Congress have influenced legislation. Its influence stands for a concentrated expression of the opinions of its constituent associations—local Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and similar business bodies. Its meeting at Washington last week covered such topics as our merchant marine, inter-State commerce law, railway transportation, the consular service, postal affairs, Federal control of inter-State insurance, tariff and reciprocity, internal waterways, international arbitration, national and international currency, pure food laws, and national bankruptcy laws. From such a representative body an expression of opinion on the general subject of tariff revision is of peculiar pertinence. It gives us satisfaction to chronicle the fact that the resolution introduced by Mr. Eugene N. Foss, of Boston, well known as an outspoken advocate of tariff revision, was adopted. The resolution sets forth that, recognizing the principle of protection as the established policy of our country, the National Board of Trade advocates reciprocal concessions by means of a dual—or maximum and minimum—tariff as the most adequate and practical method of relieving the strained situation with which we are now confronted. Furthermore, the recommendation is made that the question of the schedules and items to be considered in any scheme of reciprocal concessions may preferably be suggested by a permanent tariff commission, to be created by Congress and appointed by the President, this Commission to consist of economic, industrial, and commercial experts. Finally, action was urged upon Congress at the earliest possible time, in harmony with the recommendations made at the recent National Reciprocity Convention. This is all very well, but we think it unfortunate that the National Board of Trade did not also put itself on record against that form of maximum and minimum tariff which, as embodied in the McCleary bill, now before Congress, is useful only for purposes of retaliation.

❀

The Situation in Philadelphia

Municipal developments in Philadelphia continue to attract general interest and to afford food for political philosophers. The domination of Durham, McNichol, and Penrose in the Republican organization has been terminated and a new leadership substituted for it through the agency of the Lincoln party, an organization formed during the recently concluded campaign to afford a single anti-machine State and city ticket. The City party had only a local ticket. The Lincoln party column was used by nearly a hundred thousand voters, and was made the medium through which a large number of dissatisfied Republicans expressed their disapprobation with the "organization" Republicans. Since the election the Lincolnites have made a fight to secure control of the Republican machinery, and in this seem to have been successful, largely through the guidance of John M. Mack, a former political and business partner of Durham and McNichol. Mayor Weaver's attitude toward this reorganization of the Republican forces, or rather the new leadership, has been cautiously expressed in an interview, and it is generally believed that he voices the views of a large number of independent Republicans:

> "What the independent Republicans of Philadelphia have been striving for," declared the Mayor, "was to regain the control of their party organization from the men who have for so long mismanaged the party and abused the powers they had usurped. If the Republican City Committee shall be rejuvenated by the election of clean, decent men, I think that will meet the approval of all

Republicans. For my part I shall be perfectly satisfied.

"It would seem to me, however, that a strong minority party would be necessary in order to insure the nomination of acceptable candidates by the dominant party in the years to come. It may be that a combination of some kind may be effected whereby the Lincoln party, City party, and Democratic party may be fused so as to hold the balance of power, and thus act as a check upon the Republican organization.

The City party has taken the position that in an exchange of bosses there is no accomplishment of any desired end, and therefore it declared that the Republican primaries held on January 11 were not "of the sort in which the victorious citizens of Philadelphia should in any measure co-operate." In a carefully prepared public statement the City party declared:

> Recently the people have observed with regret political action on the part of office-holders, and those who aspired to ride into power through controlling them, exactly similar to the methods of the old discredited "Gang." That action of this kind has been without the consent of the Mayor, and at least some of his Directors, we sincerely believe, and we call upon them with confidence to prevent its continuance.

At the special election held on January 9 to fill vacancies in the legislative delegates, the Regulars and Independents divided honors.

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Pennsylvania Legislation

In the new Capitol building at Harrisburg began on January 15 the extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. The supplemental call which Governor Pennypacker issued enables the Legislature to consider more subjects than were originally contemplated. It makes possible legislation on uniform primaries, State Civil Service Reform, corrupt practices at election, and a Greater Pittsburg bill. In addition to these subjects the special session is authorized to deal with the following questions:

> The safeguarding of the State funds and the securing of greater interest on deposits.
> Legislative reapportionment.
> Personal registration.
> Repeal of the Philadelphia "ripper."
> The building of county bridges.
> The abolition of the fees of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and of the Insurance Commissioner.

John W. Hill, former engineer in charge of the filtration plants, has been acquitted under the instruction of the Court, the Commonwealth having failed to make out its case. The result was somewhat in the nature of a foregone conclusion, as the charge was a highly technical one, difficult of proof and comprehension. Moreover, there was a feeling that he was being tried for the crime of others. The trial served, however, to bring out many important facts in connection with erection of the filtration plants.

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The Niagara Campaign

The rising tide of popular sentiment in favor of the preservation of Niagara Falls for all the people, instead of converting it into electric power for the enrichment of a thousand stockholders, more or less, bids fair to become a flood. In October last the American Civic Association, at Cleveland, by resolutions telegraphed to President Roosevelt and to the Governor-General of Canada, called attention to the rights of the whole United States under the Ordinance of 1787, and urged the appointment of a joint international commission for the preservation of the great cataract. The work of stimulating public interest has gone steadily forward ever since, until scores of organizations throughout the country, and thousands of people, are bringing their influence to bear upon the President, the Congress, and the New York State Legislature, for the action appropriate for accomplishing the result. The interest of The Outlook in this object has been many times expressed, and is emphasized again in this issue by the publication of an important article by Mr. Charles M. Dow, President of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara. We commend this article, which reviews in order the encroachments upon Niagara Falls, and also the work which has been steadily carried forward for a score of years to check these encroachments. The conclusions which Mr. Dow arrives at are clear and specific. The most important of these conclusions is the necessity for "joint action of the Government of the United States and the proper British authorities." Action under the initiative of the President of the United States, through diplomatic channels; action by the Congress of the United States in accordance with the recommendation of the President in his recent annual Message; action by the Legislature of the State of New York looking toward an amendment to the State Constitution—all these are matters of immediate and pressing importance. In order to bring to bear the sentiment of all the people for the accomplishment of these ends, personal letters, the circulation of petitions, action of influential local bodies, the fullest discussion in the printed page, each will contribute to the hoped-for result. We firmly believe that the time is ripe for such action as shall make forever secure the scenic beauty of this greatest of American cataracts.

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Football in Disfavor

The decree has gone forth from the Board of Overseers of Harvard that football shall be stricken from the list of intercollegiate sports at that university until it is reformed to their satisfaction. The committee whose report the Overseers adopted considers "the game of football as at present played essentially bad in every respect," and calls the game an "apology for a rough-and-tumble fight." Brave as this action appears to be, it is, in fact, a rather humiliating confession. These college authorities by their action have admitted that they have the power to control athletics, but that they have refrained from exercising that power until at last one athletic game has become insufferable; thereupon, just at the time when college representatives are uniting in a promising effort for reconstruction, these authorities, in a tone of unqualified severity, adopt a measure of prohibition. No better illustration could be imagined of the irresponsible attitude which college authorities in America have too often taken toward the social ethics of the undergraduate body. In the meantime the old self-perpetuating Intercollegiate Rules Committee and the new representative Committee chosen by the New York Football Conference have amalgamated and are vigorously and conscientiously proceeding to revise the game. Necessary, however, as a revision of the game is, a revision of the spirit in which all college games are too frequently played is absolutely fundamental. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the other day, at the University of Pennsylvania, deplored with gentle humor the bitter rivalry and worship of brute strength and muscular skill which football had created. He recalled "our disputes and enthusiasms over the new writers like Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray," and the days when he really saw "men enthusiastic about Socrates." One does not need to see the past in that golden light which Dr. Mitchell has a genius for kindling in order to admit that the spirit in which college men regard their sport is still far from lofty. As Mr. Charles E. Hughes pointed out at a dinner of Brown University alumni, the commercial spirit in sport at college means the fostering of the commercial standards which create bosses and insurance scandals. Beside this fact the mere roughness and danger of a game are of moderate importance. "It is with chagrin," said Mr. Hughes, "that the alumni of a college read the financial reports of the Athletic Committee and see that it came out fifty thousand dollars or so ahead at the end of the season."

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The Value of College Athletics

Mr. Hughes's remark must be interpreted as describing an ideal condition, for that same evening Yale men were cheering the statement that Mr. Camp, "the father of Yale football," had been quietly accumulating out of gate receipts a great surplus. This it has been declared will amount to $130,000. These Yale men heard very favorable reports of the game as played by Yale teams. President Hadley told them: "Football is a major sport, like hunting or deep-sea fishing. . . . All too often we have had deaths from hunting or deaths from sailing, but during the thirty years we have played American Rugby football at Yale there has been no death, and, to the best of my knowledge, no grave case of permanent injury." He gave them also sound advice: "To say that a man means to play unfairly and then keep on playing with him is not the act of a gentleman. I am convinced that if every American college student and graduate would see that it was his duty as a gentleman to attribute honorable intentions to his opponent as long as he accepted him as an opponent, the worst causes of irritation would be avoided." At the Brown University dinner President Faunce also had this testimony to give on behalf of athletics—testimony which, so far from lessening any zeal for the reformation of football, ought to give to the work of such reformation a new importance and value:

> As much as I deplore the injuries that result from football, I say that they are of little account compared with the enormous social benefits it has brought about. I believe the present rules must be changed, not, however, to make football as innocuous as dominoes or authors. The harm lies, not in the roughness and the danger of the game, but in the fraud and deceit that surround the contests as now conducted. The buying up of men, the deliberate breaking of the rules of the game—these are the real evils that eat out the heart of student character. I firmly believe that we ought to have one "rough" game in college—one game in which men come into personal conflict with one another. When people are now denouncing the game of football, the old drinking and carousing of a generation ago, the smashing of window-panes and the destruction of property characteristic of that time, are forgotten. These things are unknown in college to-day, and it is a direct result of the rise of athletics, especially football.

This widespread and apparently undiminishing discussion of football is thoroughly wholesome, for it impresses upon people the fact that the question of college athletics, as President Faunce in this same speech said, "is not a question of physical benefit or damage"—except, if we may interrupt, incidentally; "it is a much larger, broader question; it is a question of social or of moral benefit or damage."

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Marshall Field

An American merchant of the highest type, Marshall Field, of Chicago, who died last week in New York City, left behind him a business and personal reputation in which may be found both a commendable example and a salutary contrast. Large as were the interests he controlled and great his opportunities for financial power, he abstained from speculation, from those gigantic schemes of foisting upon the public great blocks of inflated securities which have made the phrase "high finance" a byword, and from using trust funds for secret or personal ends. Beginning as a clerk in a general store, he rapidly pushed his way into mercantile enterprises and built up a commercial house of such magnitude that he is said at the last to have had more than five thousand persons on his pay-roll. The great Chicago fire of 1871 found Mr. Field's firm doing a business of $8,000,000 a year, and, severe as was the blow, that business was in a few years doubled and quadrupled, until now it is said to be at least eight times that sum. To carry on, or direct even in the broadest way, such a business was the work of a man of splendid executive ability, firmness of purpose, and soundness of judgment. All this Mr. Field undoubtedly was, and apart from his mercantile affairs he was a power for good in the commercial and banking world. A Chicago banker is quoted as saying: "He has prevented more small failures and done more to keep the methods of trade in the West toned up to sound business principles than any other man." One of Mr. Field's last financial achievements was the proposal of a simple plan for averting the panic threatened by the impending failure of the Walsh banks. Others had striven in vain over the problem, when a few words from Mr. Field opened a clear and safe way out. Among the maxims upon which Marshall Field built up his commercial career were these: Never give a note; never buy a share of stock on margin; do not speculate; do not borrow; do not encumber a business with mortgages; do business on a cash basis. Personally Mr. Field was of calm temperament, quiet, unostentatious, and of simple habits. He was interested in public affairs, always supported honest city government, and advocated a broad-minded public policy. Among his more notable benefactions were those to the University of Chicago and to the Field Columbian Museum, which he founded as a permanent memorial of the Chicago

World's Fair. Altogether Marshall Field was a most encouraging and stimulating illustration of the fact that wealth may be honorably and legitimately acquired without wrongdoing or sharp practice.

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"The First American"

The ninety-seventh anniversary of the birth of Lincoln suggests the near approach of the full round of a century since "the first American" opened his eyes in the rude frontier cabin in Kentucky. In a century rich in great men and in illustrious careers in every field of thought, knowledge, art, and practical endeavor, it is safe to say that no man has gone farther than Lincoln in securing and holding the kind of fame which is happily compounded of admiration for commanding ability and service and of affection for tenderness of heart, sweetness of nature, and beauty of spirit. For among the many strange mutations of condition and reputation connected with Lincoln there is none more extraordinary, when his circumstances and appearance are recalled, than the deepening perception of a certain rare beauty in the man's personality; a harmony between high ideals, speech, and conduct which, now that the mists of misconception and the black clouds of the passion of his time have passed, throws about his gaunt and uncouth figure a soft radiance. Aside from his heroic struggles with and victories over adverse conditions, and apart from the vindication of his ideas and policies as a statesman, there was something in Lincoln's nature which has evoked a feeling of tenderness, a depth of affection, which have gone out to no other President. The country not only reveres the memory of Lincoln; it loves the man.

As the years go by, the largeness of his vision—of so much greater reach than that of the public men with whom he worked or who worked with him—is matched by the greatness of his soul; and time has distilled from his world-wide reputation a finer and purer fame. Amid the pitiful meanness to which public men often stoop in the bitter and corroding jealousies of political life, which baffle the plans and waste the strength of constructive statesmen, Lincoln's magnanimity, patience, forgetfulness of self, and saving grace and sanity of humor make him a man apart from the moral egotists, the harsh radicals, the pliant politicians of his period. The country thinks of him as of a great, tender human soul, solitary by temperament and by the conditions of his life, carrying the sorrows not of a section but of a whole people on his heart; called to rule over a divided household and never for a moment forgetting that it was still a family though dissevered, and bearing in all those bitter years neither hatred nor the spirit of strife, but a heart of compassion for those who opposed as for those who sustained the Government.

Now that the field of struggle lies clear in the light of memory, and the Blue and the Gray are honored alike in all the celebrations of courage and devotion, the spiritual prescience of Lincoln grows more distinct and commanding. Dying on the threshold of the new day, with the passions of an age of deep and radical misunderstandings still hot about him, he was the prophet of a future now happily become a living present. When, a few months ago, the President of the United States, standing at the base of the Lee monument in Richmond, said to the little group of veterans in faded Confederate uniforms, "Come up nearer," he was not only speaking for the whole North, but, forty years after Lincoln's death, he was using Lincoln's voice and fulfilling Lincoln's purpose.

The President of a section by force of a passing disintegration, Lincoln was always in feeling and spirit the Chief Magistrate of a Nation. In the light of later history not only does the beauty of his spirit reveal itself as one of the noblest possessions of the country, but the wisdom of his statesmanship becomes more clear. For it is love, not hate, which clarifies the vision, and a great generosity is a safer guide in public affairs than the most keen-sighted and calculating prudence. There were men of great ability about Lincoln, whose services and sacrifices cannot be overvalued, but he stands out separate and apart from them all by virtue of a certain largeness which they lacked. Among men of sectional training and instinct and policy he was a man of National feeling and policy. Around his figure, now that the old passions are dead, the men who opposed him can gather with men who sustained as about a common leader, for he is neither of the North nor of the South, but of the country—"the first American."

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Washington Gladden

The Outlook joins with his many friends in congratulating Dr. Washington Gladden upon his approaching seventieth birthday, on a life of service well rendered, and on National honor well earned. It is generally hazardous to print any estimate of a man while he is still living, but the transparency of Dr. Gladden's character and the simplicity and purity of his motives make such an estimate in his case without hazard.

The temperance movement in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and the anti-slavery movement in the first decade of the second half of that century, turned the attention of men from a consideration of the other world to a consideration of this, from a study of theories about God to a study of what loyalty to him required of them in their lifetime—in brief, from the problems of abstract theology to those of practical ethics. Under this impulse theology was humanized. Religion came to be regarded as a normal development of all true manhood; the Bible as a transcript of human experiences; Jesus Christ as a man in whom the spirit of God supremely dwells; God himself, not as a mysterious being "without parts or passions," but as a Father with a sense of justice and of pity, interpreted by justice and pity in the souls of men. At the same time, and under the same influence, the Church became a more definitely philanthropic organization; the spirit of religion flowed out from the Church, which had been its too exclusive dwelling-place, into all life; politics began to recognize a "higher law;" economics ceased to be the "dismal science;" sociology as a philosophy of human relationships and human progress was born; regeneration, conversion, atonement, sacrifice, all took on a new meaning, and became, so to speak, socialized; "election" became avowedly an election for service, not for personal salvation; and salvation came to include the reconstruction of human society into a kingdom of God on the earth.

No doubt this movement was accompanied, as such movements always are, with some grave defects. There were cases not a few in which the reaction against theology led to a superficial scorn of all profound thinking; theology, from being the grandest of human sciences, was relegated to the place abandoned by economics, and became the "dismal science;" chairs of systematic theology in theological seminaries took a second place; preachers became lecturers of moral reform; pulpits became lyceum platforms; churches became social clubs, animated by a mild and far from passionate philanthropy. Yet these sporadic instances need not deceive us as to the general trend of the times. Even outside so-called religious circles the humanitarian movement was reformatory and inspirational. Robert G. Ingersoll was the last of the assailants of institutional religion, and even his daring eloquence did not suffice to give him any real influence. The critics of orthodoxy had formed Thomas Paine clubs at the end of the eighteenth century; the same type of men formed societies of ethical culture at the end of the nineteenth. In lieu of wasting their energies in attacks upon the Church, they devoted them to competing with the churches in self-sacrificing service, and sometimes distanced churches in the heroism and the fruitfulness of their generous endeavors.

In this movement toward the humanizing of theology and religion Dr. Washington Gladden has been a leader. Editor, lecturer, author, preacher, he has always been a minister of the Christian life and a loyal servant of the Christian Church. He has taught a human theology, but still more has he preached a human religion. For his interest has always been more in religion than in theology—that is, more in men than in systems. He has therefore used systems as instruments for the betterment of men; and not only systems, but no less the Church and the Bible. With Paul, he has believed that apostles and prophets and evangelists and pastors and teachers have all been given for no other purpose than to bring humanity unto a perfect manhood; and that the profit of the Bible lies in the fact that it furnishes men thoroughly unto all good works.

But if he has regarded all religious institutions as instrumental to life, he has also regarded all inspiration of life as derived from religion. He has not been a preacher of the Gospel *and* a moral reformer; he has been a preacher of a Gospel that is a moral reform. He has believed in a Christianity that is "glad tidings to the poor," and he has also believed that the only ultimate hope for the abolition of poverty, whether of mind or of body, is in the spiritual life to which that Gospel is a minister. A mere glance at the titles of his books furnishes an illustration of these two truths, or rather of this twofold aspect of the one truth. His preaching has been "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living;" Christianity with him is not a philosophy of life but a way of life—"The Christian Way;" he has not discarded the old nor dreaded the new, but taken with impartiality "Things New and Old" if they would serve his fellow-men; he has not feared to handle with courage "Burning Questions" lest he should be burnt; he has not discarded the Church because it is not the kingdom, nor has he confounded the two, but, recognizing both "The Church and the Kingdom," has measured the value of the first by its power to promote the growth of the second; the perfecting of that kingdom he has counted as the end which sociology should always keep in view, for in that kingdom is to be found the answer to the question what are the right relations between "Workingmen and their Employers" and between "Tools and the Man;" the only Christianity he has recognized is "Applied Christianity;" the only salvation one that includes "Social Salvation," and "Social Facts and Forces" he has reckoned as not less divine than creeds and rituals; yet social salvation is not all—he has always spoken to man as a child of God and heir to a divine destiny, albeit that destiny is to be attained not by thinking about it but by the "Practice of Immortality."

Dr. Gladden has been no celestial seraph looking down from afar on the battle of human duty and of human rights; he has been in the heat of the battle, and, like others engaged in that battle, his passion for righteousness has sometimes obscured his judgment. But his friends love him all the better. And friends and foes alike recognize that in him combativeness is not allied with destructiveness, that the inspiration of his courage is an unselfish devotion, and that he always fights fairly. He has unconsciously summed up his own life in that prayer which he has put into the mouths and inspired in the hearts of his comrades, and which interprets both his spirit to his age and the best spirit of the age to itself:

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live."

The Truth About the Congo

On the west coast of Africa there is a country known as the Congo Free State. Its sovereign is Leopold II., the King of the Belgians. With its government Belgium has no more to do than any other European Power. The only connection between Belgium and the Congo is that the monarch of the one is the "king-sovereign" of the other. In the Congo Free State Leopold's will is law. He has been placed in charge of it by a conference of the Powers; in his person is embodied the government of that great territory.

For years the conviction has been spreading that the arrangement under which this State has been ruled has brought to the native blacks, not civilization, but desolation; that government there has meant oppression, murder, and outrage. So bitter has been the outcry against the Congo Government that a year ago last fall Leopold sent a Commission of three there to investigate and report its findings. The accusers of Leopold expected little from this Commission; they looked for a perfunctory examination and a verdict of not guilty. No culprit, they believed, would ever be convicted by a jury of his own choosing. Several weeks ago the report of the Commission was issued. Despatches purporting to epitomize the report seemed to confirm the expectation of acquittal. The Outlook chose to wait till it could see and study the report itself. We here give to our readers, as completely as space will permit, the findings of that Commission, and then leave them to judge whether Christendom is yet supplied with a reason for interfering in the Congo or not. In interpreting this report the reader should remember that this Commission, by the very nature of its origin, would report no evil or abuse of whose existence it was not most strongly convinced.

In that "sinister and mysterious continent" of Africa, the Commission declares that it has found a State which, "organized with marvelous rapidity," has brought there the "benefits of civilization." This State is the owner as well as the governing power of the territory. "There existed in the Congo," at the time the State was formed, "no private property in the sense which European laws . . . give to the word." Individual natives, that is, did not own land. The principle was then adopted: Unoccupied land belongs to the State; land occupied by natives, under the authority of their chiefs, shall continue to be ruled by local customs. Not only were the native blacks thus forbidden to take what they would from the forest which they had formerly ranged with freedom, but even in their own villages and plantations they "could not dispose of the products of the soil except in the degree in which [*dans la mesure où*] they had disposed of them before the establishment of the State." Moreover, the native who went from his village without authorization laid himself open "to be arrested, returned, and, sometimes as well, punished." Since the only articles of value were the products, not of the villages, but of the forest, and the forest belonged to the State—that is, to Leopold—the natives possessed absolutely nothing of any use to anybody beyond their capacity to labor. The Government, however, must develop the country, and the natives must pay a tax. This double purpose, under these restrictions, could be accomplished in only one way. The natives must pay their tax in labor, and their labor must consist in bringing to the State the product of the State lands—the forest. The natives, however, were disinclined to work. So they had to be forced to work. By this plan, the Commission argues, not only did the State get the rubber which it wanted and secure the taxes which it imposed, but the natives were given a chance to be civilized:

> The native, left to himself, in spite of all the efforts made to instruct and enlighten him, will continue fatally to live in the primitive state in which he has been found for so many ages, and from which he does not ask to emerge. . . . A law, then, which imposes upon the native light, regular work is the only means of getting him into the habit of working; it is at the same time a financial law and a humanitarian law.

The Commission reverts later to the justification of forced labor. It evidently regards it as needing very strong defense. In spite, however, of its theoretical arguments on behalf of forced labor, it comes to this conclusion regarding the effects in practice:

> We have been impressed on verifying how little the contact with the white has modified native processes. . . . The *chikwangue* is prepared to-day in exactly the same manner as twenty years ago—by processes incredibly rudimentary and defective. It is impossible not to be astonished at the disproportion

which exists between the manual labor utilized and the result obtained.

The State, however, does not collect this labor tax itself from its black "citizens." It "had not at its disposal the personal and the necessary resources to improve a vast territory;" so it has had to "make appeal to private enterprise." It had authorized certain companies "to exact from the blacks the rubber work, as well as other payments, and to use force for obtaining them." The Commission is frank enough to acknowledge the character of these companies; they are "commercial," and "are in pursuit of lucre, not of humanity or civilization." Moreover, the agents who fix the amount of taxes and who administer its collection, the Commission candidly says, "have a direct interest in increasing the produce, since they receive shares [*primes*] proportionate to the value [*importance*] of the products gathered."

This is the condition of affairs reported by his Majesty King Leopold II.'s own Commission. Propertyless blacks, confined in isolated villages, forbidden to gather for themselves the fruits of the forests with which they are surrounded, forced to bring in rubber, copal, wood, fish, chikwangue, etc., as a tax, for which they are paid, not what the produce is worth, but what the agent of a money-making company decides he will give for the labor, subject to punishment if they fail to bring in the tax—these African natives are thus enjoying the "benefits of civilization."

In order to enforce its rules, the State, and the companies under authority of the State, employ sentries. These are of two kinds, so the Commissioners say—some to protect the posts, some to act as spies and executioners in the villages. "The black man armed," the Report says, "when left to himself, feels welling up in himself the sanguinary instincts which the strictest discipline can hardly restrain." "There is," it also admits, "no more terrible tyrant than a black when set over other blacks, when he is not restrained by the ties of race, family, and tradition;" and it is over an alien tribe that such a black, according to the Commission, is set. We cannot be surprised to learn, therefore, that "brutality" has been in some places "the rule habitually followed." "These sentries," we learn again, "set themselves up as despots, demand the women, and food, not only for themselves, but for the crowd of parasites" who surround them; and "they kill without pity all those who make a show of resisting their demands and their whims." The Commission had visible testimony to the mutilation of the living and the dead. It describes the condition in Upper Congo as a "deplorable confusion between a state of war and a state of peace."

And what is the nature of the work for which the Commission says the negro has "special aversion," and to which the Commission says he is driven, at least until the last few years, by "the taking of hostages, the imprisonment of chiefs, the stationing of sentinels or 'capitas,' fines and armed expeditions"? We can turn to the Commission's report and read our answer:

> The decree fixes at forty hours per month the work which each native owes to the State. This time, considered as a maximum, is certainly not excessive [*exagéré*], especially if one takes account of the fact that the work ought to be remunerated; but as in the immense majority of cases . . . it is not precisely the work which is demanded of the native, but rather a quantity of products equivalent to forty hours of work, the criterion of time disappears in reality and is replaced by an equivalent [*équation*] established by the Commissioner of the district after diverse methods. . . .
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> *Chikwangue* (kwanga) is nothing but manioc bread. . . . The preparation of this food requires many operations: the clearing of the forest, the planting of manioc, the digging up [*extraction*] of the root and its transformation into *chikwangue*, which comprises the operations of separating the fibers and stripping the bark, pulverizing, washing, making it into bundles, and cooking it. All these operations, except clearing the land, fall to the women. The *chikwangues* so prepared are carried by the natives to the neighboring post and served for the food supply of the personnel of the State—soldiers and laborers. . . .
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> As the *chikwangue* keeps only a few days, the native, even by redoubling his activity, cannot succeed in freeing himself from his obligations for any length of time. The requirement, even if it does not take all his time, oppresses him continually by the weight of its recurrent demands, which deprive the tax of its true character and transform it into an incessant *corvée*. . . . Doubtless the adage, "time is money," cannot be

applied to the natives of the Congo; . . . it is none the less inadmissible that a taxpayer should be obliged to travel over ninety-three miles [*150 kilomètres*] to carry to the place of collection a tax which represents about the value of twenty-nine cents [*fr.* 1.50]. . . .

Natives inhabiting the environs of Lulonga were forced to journey in canoes to Nouvelle-Anvers, which represents a distance of forty to fifty miles [*70 à 80 kilomètres*], every two weeks, to carry their fish; and taxpayers have been seen to submit to imprisonment for delays which were perhaps not chargeable to them, if we take into account the considerable distances to be covered periodically to satisfy the requirements of the tax. . . .

The missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, heard [as witnesses] at Léopoldville, have been unanimous in describing the general misery which reigns in that region. . . . Without sharing entirely these pessimistic estimates, one can admit that they comprise a ground of truth. . . . This remark is general; it applies to all the large posts of which we have considered Léopoldville as the type. . . .

The bearing of burdens is, beyond contradiction, of all the forms of labor tax, that which weighs most heavily on the native. . . . The traveler, to traverse the country, the trader, to introduce his merchandise, the State, to supply its personnel with food, to transport its material, and to carry the products out of its domain, have no other resource but to organize the bearing of burdens. . . . In the two regions [which the Commission studied] . . . the quantity of burdens to be transported is enormous, and the population, on the other hand, is relatively thinly settled. . . .

It happens that the Commissioners of the district engage, notably for work in agriculture, children from seven to eight years of age, who are bound for several years, by virtue of a contract which they have perhaps accepted voluntarily, but of which they probably were unable to understand all the import. According to the instructions of the Director of Justice, however, the officials . . . could not refuse their approval if the children declare they accept. . . .

This is the labor imposed on men, women, and children. Confined to their native villages except when driven into the forest to work out their taxes, deprived of all chance to own property or to trade, tyrannized by hostile blacks, in peril of losing hand or foot by the cruelty of a sentry, threatened with the lash, in danger of bullets from rifles, practically denied all succor except such as they can obtain from missionaries, the inhabitants of the Congo, it is not surprising to learn, have succumbed in such large numbers to fear and have fled, or to disease, to the lash, and to the rifle, and have died, that the Commissioners remark: "If we accept Stanley's data, it is certain that a large part of the population must have disappeared." This is the picture of the Congo drawn, not by enemies of Leopold, but by his own Commissioners.

It is the boast of the Congo Government that it has abolished slavery as such, and kept the natives free from the ravages of alcohol. To these facts the Commissioners point with pride. They make some recommendations. King Leopold has now chosen a Commission of fourteen, *ten of whom have been connected with the Congo Government*, to study this report and to formulate practical measures for putting its proposals into execution.

Is this condition, described as it is by friends and not by foes, such that Christendom can endure it calmly?

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The Colorado Experiment

There are two arguments for woman suffrage. The first, that it is a natural right, like the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He who holds this view does not regard consequences. Let justice be done though the heavens fall. Such advocates will read the article on another page on the Colorado experiment with impatience, or not at all. In fact, however, our whole American system assumes that suffrage is not an absolute and unconditional right. Whatever age one has reached, and however long he has resided in a district, and whatever his intellectual or other qualifications, he is entitled to have his property and life protected by the law. But in every American community his right to vote is conditioned on his age, his residence, the length of time he has dwelt in America, and in many American communities on intellectual and property qualifications. There is no more a natural right to vote in a general election than in a legislature. The question who shall vote is one which is determined by each community for itself, and is to be determined by the proved or probable effect of the imposed conditions upon the welfare of the community.

The other argument for woman suffrage is that, if it be granted, it will purify our politics, abolish corruption, put an end to repeaters, secure just and equal laws; in brief, assure a general political house-cleaning. Will it produce these results? The answer to that question is to be found in the answer to another, Has it produced these results? What the results of the experiment have been in Colorado our contributor tells in his account of the Colorado experiment. His accuracy is vouched for; his judicial spirit is evident; he is neither an advocate for nor against woman suffrage; his own opinion is not expressed; and though we may surmise what it is, we do not know. To all open-minded readers whose opinion on this subject is to be determined by facts, not by theories, by the logic of history, not by the philosophy of either the sanctum or the drawing-room, we commend a careful reading of this article.

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The Last Vigil

A well-known bas-relief represents an old man and woman replenishing a torch. In the stir and exhilaration of the lighting of the torches, in the joy of bearing them swiftly through the gloom, or watching them as they shine in the mist which lies on the highway of life, there is danger of forgetting those who have run the race and now, in weariness and often in great loneliness, are silently waiting the sinking of the fire of the torch. They are out of sight and sometimes out of mind; for there is always an eager interest at the starting-point and an engrossing absorption in the running when the day is at its height; and there were once for these keepers of lonely vigils shouts of praise, and there were later the pain and strain of the race in its hardest stretches. For those whose faces are aglow with the earliest joy of the running, or are set with the stern resolution of those who have forgotten the applause and care now only to touch the goal, there wait the same quiet vigil, the same lonely watching of the sinking fire.

Tenderness and devotion to those who no longer press along the course are due not to age as a matter of time—the years mean nothing unless they bear the harvests of true living and store the granaries of experience—but to the race well run, the work well done, the pain and strife and sorrow bravely borne, the allotted task finished in faith and purity and loyalty. Blessed are they from whose hands the torch has not fallen nor the light failed in the long trial of will and heart and nerve! They have not only made the highway easier for those who come after, but they kept faith and hope in the nobility of the race and nourished the flame for those who are waiting to leave the starting-post or are questioning, in the bitterness of the long trial of strength, whether the race is worth running.

Youth for dreams, maturity for putting forth the spirit in the endeavor to realize them, age for the confirmation of the hope of their reality! In all the world there is nothing so beautiful as the figure of the spent and weary runner guarding with reverent and trembling hands the torch received long ago and borne with quiet faithfulness through the joy and the pain of the years. In the confusion of life, when men dash their torches to the ground and rush about in a frenzy of passion or a chilling stoicism or with denials of the nobility and reality of the race and the meaning of it on their lips, the faithful runners not only keep their own faith but the faith of others; peace and joy are in their guardianship, and they bear the common wealth of humanity in their hands and hearts. So One ran centuries ago and was derided and scorned and buffeted, and the light he bore was dashed to the ground; but in the agony of death he held it aloft, and, behold! the ends of the earth are lighted by it!

But when the race is over and the throngs have passed and the runner watches the sinking flame of the torch in solitude, there often comes a great loneliness. The other runners, whose feet once trod the same way and whose voices were friendly in the darkest gloom, have vanished into the great silence; the younger runners belong to other times and have other companions even when they are most tender and reverential; it is another world than that in which the torch was lighted, and there are no more voices that share and speak from the same depth of experience.

In the loneliest hour, however, the torch remains, and from the torch streams the light, however faint, in which the past, the present, and the future are held secure against the environing darkness. It is the witness of memory; in its radiance dear faces, now vanished in the morning light, shine as when the glow of youth was upon them; hours of happiness, moments by the way that were full of anguish and are now fragrant with the sweetness that comes out of sorrow borne with patient trust; years of brave endeavor and quiet fidelity to tasks and works; the peace which flows from service and the joy of remembered sacrifices—all these live within the circle of the flame.

There, too, faint but clear, present hope and task and reward abide: willingness to wait as well as to run, to be put aside as well as to be set at the front, to cheer the passing runner as well as to be cheered, to keep old loyalties fresh and sweet and old love young and pure in the daily renewal of memory, to stand fast as the shadows gather and to guard the sinking fire as loyally as one fed the rising flame.

So the soft light of memory and the narrowing glow within which duty reveals itself become the symbol of immortality. The darkness deepens, the world grows still, familiar sounds die into silence, upon the watcher falls the sense of isolation of those who wake while others sleep; and, lo! while the vigil is kept the gloom is shot with light, for at the closed window the light waits, and over the hills come the dawn. The vigil is at an end, and in the radiance of the morning the torch is extinguished.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

LAST week the annual Convention of the American Forestry Association took place in Washington. Its principal feature was the recommendation to Congress to amalgamate the present White Mountain Appalachian Forest Reserve bills now pending into one measure. The present bills provide for the purchase of National forest reserves in the White Mountains and the Appalachian Mountains, and authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to make contracts for the purchase of lands to amounts not to exceed respectively $5,000,000 and $10,000,000. The bill, as recommended by the Forestry Association, provides for a total expenditure of but $3,000,000. This is done because of the conviction that Congress will only vote—at least at first—a small amount for these purposes. This very winter the last remaining vestiges of our primeval forests on the Presidential Range in the White Mountains are being ruthlessly cut away; only here and there in the Franconia Notch and elsewhere in the White Mountain region are little dots of primeval forest left. To save these and to preserve the other trees Congress must act quickly, since the State of New Hampshire is not able itself to act in the matter. Nor should the State be asked to act beyond its financial resources, which are quite incommensurate with the demand. The preservation of the White Mountain forests is a vital necessity to other States besides New Hampshire. The water supply for those States should be the object of National concern. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to chronicle the action of the American Forestry Association, which, frankly recognizing existing conditions in Congress, has shaped a measure so as to insure its probable success at this session.

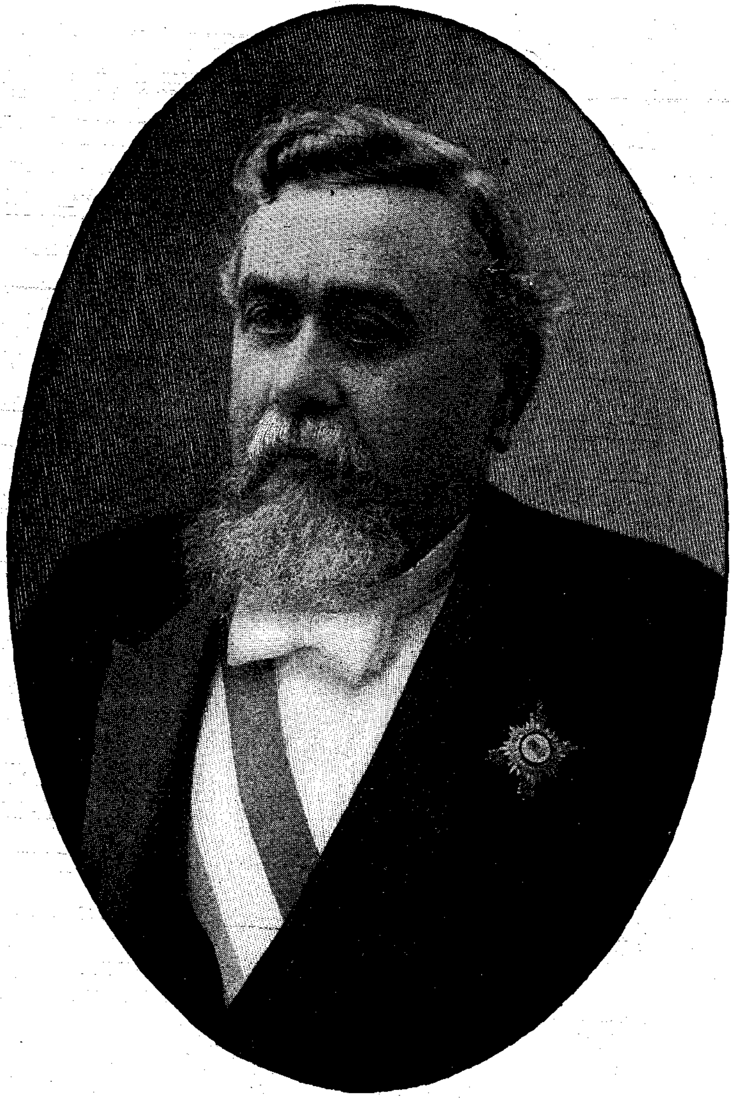
If dependence on a number of States be true of the White Mountain Reserve, it is emphatically so of the Appalachian

Reserve. The territory covered by the latter reserve not only influences the water-flow throughout a larger number of States than does the former, but also, as now proposed by the new bill drafted last week, empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to purchase forest lands in the States of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Of course, for the purposes of the reserve, the Secretary is empowered to purchase lands, exclusive of its timber thereon or of its mineral rights, and to provide for the reforesting of clearings on lands purchased, whenever he shall consider such action necessary.

During the year Ohio and Michigan have formed State Forestry Associations, and strong, wealthy associations exist in such older and larger States as New York and Pennsylvania. Like the smaller and poorer New Hampshire, however, no one of the Southern States seems as yet able to solve the forestry problem so as to conserve a supply of water as well as of wood, which is, of course, a matter of National, not merely of State, wealth. In an eloquent address before the Forestry Convention, Dr. Edward Everett Hale said that the present situation reminded him of Mrs. George Washington's oyster supper. In the matter of dredging for oysters in Chesapeake Bay no one of the colonies bordering on that bay was able to supervise or control the whole situation. But after Mrs. Washington had invited their representatives to a banquet, they discovered that what they could not do severally they could do by combination. The result of Mrs. Washington's oyster supper was the Constitution of the United States. The Appalachian Reserve, proposed by the Forestry Association, contains our finest and most varied hardwood forest. No individual State can establish the Appalachian Reserve, but Congress can, and, as Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, said in his presidential address, the Association's proposals should have the immediate and active assistance of Congress. He deservedly praised the growth of an association which has about doubled its membership during the past year, and has now under its advisory direction nearly nine hundred thousand acres of private land. In this connection Mr. Wilson repeated his warning of a year ago against the wholesale destruction of our woodland area. "No nation on earth is as successful in the work of destroying its forests as is the United States," he declared. The indiscriminate mutilation of our forests must be stopped. The matter has become of National interest. It can no longer be ignored. In view of the wide clearing of our timber lands, the one thing now to be done is, as Secretary Wilson says, to reforest the country. While "our great problem is how to plant the right kind of trees in the right places," "every day should be an arbor day."

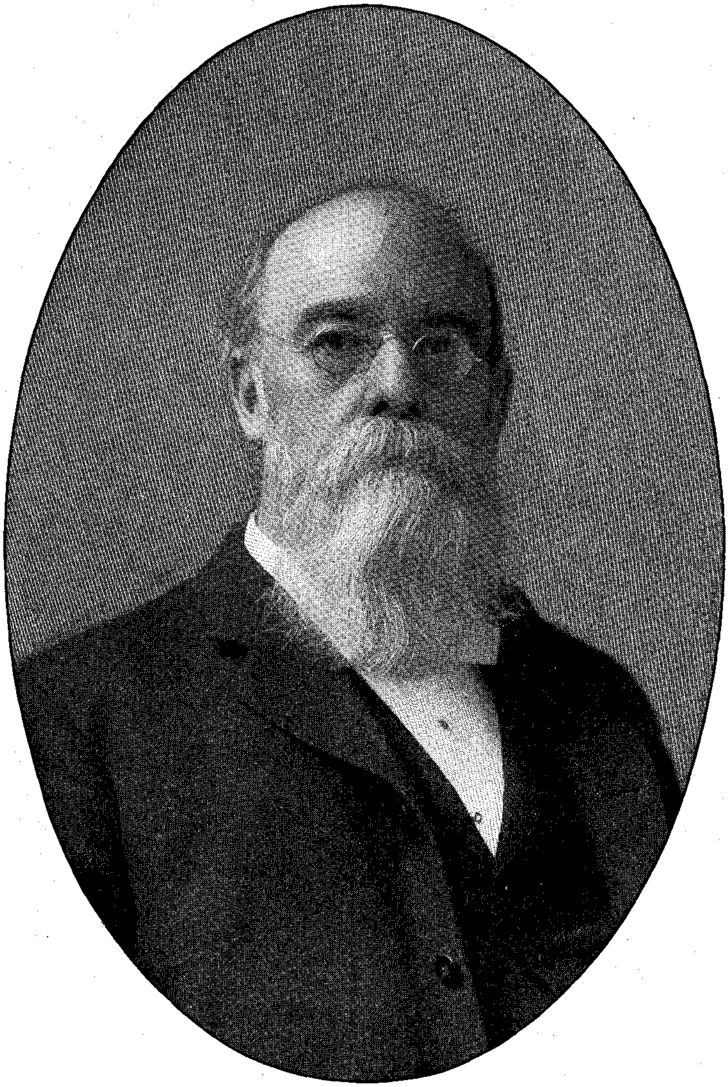
That is a phrase to appeal both to common sense and sentiment. The extravagant felling of vast numbers of trees for purely private interests often interferes with the general good. True forestry, however, is founded on continuous cutting, which in the case of the Government forests of Europe provides a steady revenue, the basic asset indeed of those Governments. A similar condition could be and should be brought about in this country. With the progress made in our Government western reserves, already reporting substantial profits, who can doubt that America will imitate Europe in this fundamental of sound economics, not to mention the preservation of noble scenery now being ruined? But the reserves are all in our West. The East should now receive attention. To this end the Association has drafted its new bill, recognizing at once the imperious demand for the preservation of wood and water supply, and the difficulty of obtaining an adequate appropriation at this session of Congress. The new aspect which the passage of such a bill would put upon agricultural and forestry conditions would have profound and permanent value. Will Congress heed this call to duty? It will if constituents, especially from the New England and Southern States, give their Congressmen no respite from appeal until this measure is passed. And may it prove but the entering wedge to really adequate legislative enactments!

E. F. B.



CLÉMENT ARMAND FALLIÈRES

The newly elected President of France



WASHINGTON GLADDEN

From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston

SIUZO AOKI

JAPAN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

NOW that "all is peace under Heaven" and Nippon becomes once more The Country of Peaceful Shores, she signalizes her triumph by sending an Ambassador to "The Nation's Friend." The personal representative of the reigning sovereign, in the oldest dynasty in the world, will meet face to face the stalwart President of the American Republic, youngest among nations. It is not the least among her sons, or even an average man, that the Emperor has selected to represent Japan. Ripe in years, rich in experience as statesman and diplomatist, Viscount Siuzo Aoki is superbly fitted for his grand task of cementing anew and solidifying on larger and deeper foundations the traditional and (may we not say?) the real friendship between the United Empire and the United States. As early as 1798 the American flag was mirrored in the waters of Japan, but it was Matthew Perry in 1854 who "discovered a new nation." Yet not to him, but to Townsend Harris, belongs the honor of discerning behind the veil of the Yedo bureaucracy the true sovereign of Japan. Let us glance at history, in order to note the significance of the Ambassador's advent.

The subordinate authorities of Yedo sent an embassy, of courtesy merely, in 1860, which was composed of men of inferior rank. For seventeen years after the Perry convention Japan had no consul or diplomatic officer abroad to look after her interests. Her petty trade was then of but cradle proportions. The Bakufu (Curtain Government) of the Tycoon, during these long seventeen years, was trembling for existence against the forces, then terrifically awakening, not of revolution but of restoration. But the moment a true national government took the place of feudalism and bureaucracy, Japan sent her initial representative abroad, and to the United States first of all.

The Junior Prime Minister and four members of the Cabinet, with over sixty elect commissioners—over half of them pupils of Verbeck—traveled six months in the United States; Ito reading "The Federalist" and Kido learning international law and studying constitutions. From 1871, by chargés d'affaires, by ministers resident, and then by envoys plenipotentiary, Imperial and Constitutional Japan had a legation at Washington. All these were of appropriate rank, and some of marked abilities, such as Mori, the educational reformer, who first proposed the abolition of sword-wearing and fell martyr before the reactionary assassin; Yoshida, the brilliant financier; Terashima, the radical-conservative, who feared that Japan was going too fast; Kuki, later peer and now in the Privy Council; Takahira, the Peace Commissioner, and others. These, with many a brilliant secretary, naval and military attaché, formed the legation household in the edifice at 1710 N Street in Washington.

To-day Japan's few dollars' worth of trade have swelled to hundreds of millions. Her little budget of feudal fractions, once ground out of the people chiefly for the support of a privileged class, has now, in a library of ledgers, become a mighty proposition marching to the billion figure. Hers is the brown man's burden. Like all great nations, she wears the necklace of a national debt. Helmed and panoplied, she is the triumphant victor in four wars since the cannon thundered at Fushimi on January 27, 1868. The first victory of the brocade banner secured internal unity. The mighty insurrection of Saigo in 1877 gave Japan's new peasant army its fire-baptism and its victory wreath. In 1894 the red-rayed banner "flamed in the forehead of the morning ky" to make a New Asia. The Murata rifle blew to atoms the Chinese doctrine of whang-ti or world-sovereignty, and showed what a public school army with modern science could do. In the fourth, in 1904–'05, a united people fought for food, for commerce, for national life, and the right to grow. The David nation, but yesterday in the wilderness with but a few sheep, laid low the Slavic Goliath. Now the world-power, Dai Nippon, sends a veteran and a victor in that thirty years' war, which she waged bloodlessly from 1870 to 1900, with untiring patience until she gained the world's recognition as an equal. She won by the jū-jūtsu of finesse.

Siuzo Aoki first saw the light in January, 1844, in Choshiu. His inheritance, therefore, was of civic abilities. The silver spoon in a Satsuma baby's mouth is that of assured success in arms. Nine-tenths of all Japan's heroes on deck or in the field are from sea-girded Satsuma, that bore the brunt of the fighting in 1868, and then furnished the first four infantry regiments of the new Imperial army created in 1871. Choshiu is of age-old fame for giving birth to sons of the ermine and to children of the pen. Out of Choshiu came Yoshida Shoin, Kido, forefather of the Constitution, the Marquis Ito, Count Inouye, and many a long list of Japan's most distinguished statesmen, councilors, diplomatists. Aoki began early his appointed work in life, showing power of insight, grasp of details, and vision of the whole field. Apparently, to the writer at least, Japan does not trust green diplomatists, even though Aoki's name means "green tree." Indeed, no Japanese plant, tree, or flower is better known in Europe and America than the common *aoki* (Aucuba Japonica), which got to Europe during our Revolutionary War and is now seen all over central Europe and the United States. Behold the laurel-like shrub with purple flowers and red berries! Though exotic, it is capable of withstanding the dust, smoke, and gases of our manufacturing cities. This, let us hope, is a true emblem of Japan's ability, when transplanted from the age of art and idyllic seclusion into the Black Country of smoke and steam, to live, despite the withering influences of industrialism. Aoki soon made himself master of the German language—which Verbeck had already recommended as the vehicle of medical science in Japan—and in 1873 was made the Secretary of Japan's legation in Berlin, soon becoming Minister. He was made Viscount in 1884.

But the battle was waxing hot at home, and Aoki was wanted by Count Okuma, who was giving his whole energy to the work of treaty revision. Japan was determined to obtain recognition of her sovereignty at the hands of European Governments. The United States had already been willing to grant it, but was hampered by the entangling alliance of a "concert" with European Governments. The routine of the whole department was in 1888 left to the care of the Vice-Minister, Viscount Aoki, who became full Minister of Foreign Affairs when the Ito Cabinet fell in 1889. On account of the attempted murder of the Czarevitch, now Emperor Nicholas, by a fanatic, Aoki resigned, but before doing so carried through a piece of work which was as high an honor to the United States as it was to the alien whose history, opportunities, dignities, and rewards are absolutely unique in the history of Japan. This was nothing less than giving to Guido F. Verbeck, Dutchman, American, Japanese, Christian missionary, but a man without a country, the privilege, with all his children, of coming under the powerful protection of the Empire of Japan, with right to travel freely through the Empire, and to sojourn and to reside in any locality; and this when Japan had no naturalization laws. It eventuated that Lord Salisbury and the British Government finally, because of our "entanglement," plucked the feather out of the cap of Washington and stuck it in the crown of Victoria.

Aoki was twice Minister in Berlin, and for a short while held the same office and duty in England. A thorough German scholar, he married, in the seventies, a German lady. The faces of both the Viscount and their only child, whose grief when ten years old over the injury to the Czarevitch is so vividly described by Mrs. Fraser in her Letters from Japan, are to be seen in that book. Grown to womanhood, the pretty little maid, married in Germany, is now the Countess Hatzefeld.

Aoki, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, held his post during the exciting days of the Boxer uprising, and his energies had much to do with the quick grappling with and rapid settlement of that difficult problem. Then, ceasing his diplomatic toil, he became a member of the Privy Council, the livest wire in Japan's electric machinery. Only the Privy Councilors have anything to say about treaties—at Portsmouth, Peking, or elsewhere.

As one of the early enlightened ones of the Meiji era, ever a true, patient, forceful leader, servant of the Emperor, and teacher of his people, richly deserving his rewards, Japan honors herself in Aoki. Americans, so quick to recognize ability, and remembering his courtesy to their fellow-countrymen, bid him hail and welcome.

HOW WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE WORKS IN COLORADO

BY LAWRENCE LEWIS[1]

ILLUSTRATIONS of the practical workings of woman's suffrage have for some reason been sought in Colorado by both advocates and opponents, although women have voted upon equal terms with men in three other of the United States—in Wyoming since 1869, in Utah since 1895, and in Idaho since 1896. In New Zealand universal adult suffrage has prevailed since 1893. Yet most people regard woman's suffrage in Colorado as *the* type.

Let it be clear at the outset that the presence of “the ladies, once our superiors, now our equals,” has had no especial effect upon the kind of order and decorum maintained at polling-places ever since the introduction of the secret or Australian ballot. Men possibly swear a little less, but they wear their hats and use tobacco as freely in all forms about the polls as ever before. In the best residence precincts in cities, and in most country precincts, the order is perfect. In some country precincts controlled by corporations (especially mining corporations), as well as in the lower wards and in precincts “on the border” in cities, thugs and election officials frequently clash; special constables, deputy sheriffs and even sheriffs, as well as policemen, often indulge in profanity, blackguardism, and intimidation. Ballot-boxes are stuffed and stolen. At the general election in November, 1904, for example, the presence of women as voters and as members of election boards did not prevent a Republican “woman worker” from being “thrown out” of a polling-place in Denver, literally “by the neck,” and shoved up against a fence; it did not deter a County Commissioner in Pueblo—who has since been convicted of padding a precinct registration list with fictitious names—from introducing whisky at the polls in one of the corporation precincts, and getting the election officers, watchers, and workers drunk, so that repeaters could be “run in” and returns tampered with; it did not prevent fights, acts of intimidation, and the arrest of workers and voters of both sexes, of the opposite political faith, by partisan police and sheriffs' officers in various parts of the State; it did not prevent gross insults being offered, in a few cases, to women, nor avert murders at polling-places—a Democratic election judge in the Cripple Creek district being a victim. Although perhaps not as numerous, there are, nevertheless, in both parties, women as well as men repeaters and “election crooks.” Challengers and watchers are as keen in seeking and as eager in taking advantage of technicalities to bring into question the right to vote of a woman of the opposite political faith as of any man. In deciding such cases the election judges consider partisanship and the law—not sex.

Analysis of a few of the many more important phases beneath these superficials may conveniently be made as answers to questions Coloradoans are often asked: “What and how many women vote?” “How do they vote?” “What change in the character and conduct of public officials has been wrought by woman's suffrage?” “What are the general results?”

Despite the efforts of both parties for their own selfish purposes to keep up the interest of women in political affairs, the ratio of female voters to male voters seems to be decreasing. This is the unanimous opinion expressed to me by those officers in charge of the registration in the several counties whom I have seen. The increase between 1892 and 1894 in the number of electors who voted for Governor was 87,227. Now, the interest at elections in "Presidential years" like 1892 has always been greater in Colorado than at the intervening biennial elections for Governor and State officers only, like that in 1894. Moreover, it is generally conceded that the population of this State actually decreased during 1894, owing to "hard times" and the sharp decline in demonetized silver. Consequently we may fairly assume that at least all of this increase of 87,227 represented the newly enfranchised women, who, on this assumption, composed $48\frac{19}{100}$ per cent. of the voters in 1894. Figuring in the same way, the women in Pueblo, a representative county, made up $46\frac{4}{100}$ per cent. of the total number of voters for Governor in 1894. These estimates correspond roughly with the but slightly different statement of William Macleod Raine, who says, in an article in the "Chautauquan," without giving authorities, that 47 per cent. of the entire registered vote of the State in 1894 was cast by women. The census of 1900 shows that women of twenty years and over composed at that time but $42\frac{53}{100}$ per cent. of the total population of the State of twenty years of age and older. It would seem, accordingly, that when the suffrage was a novelty the proportion of women voters was slightly larger than the proportion of women in the total population of Colorado.

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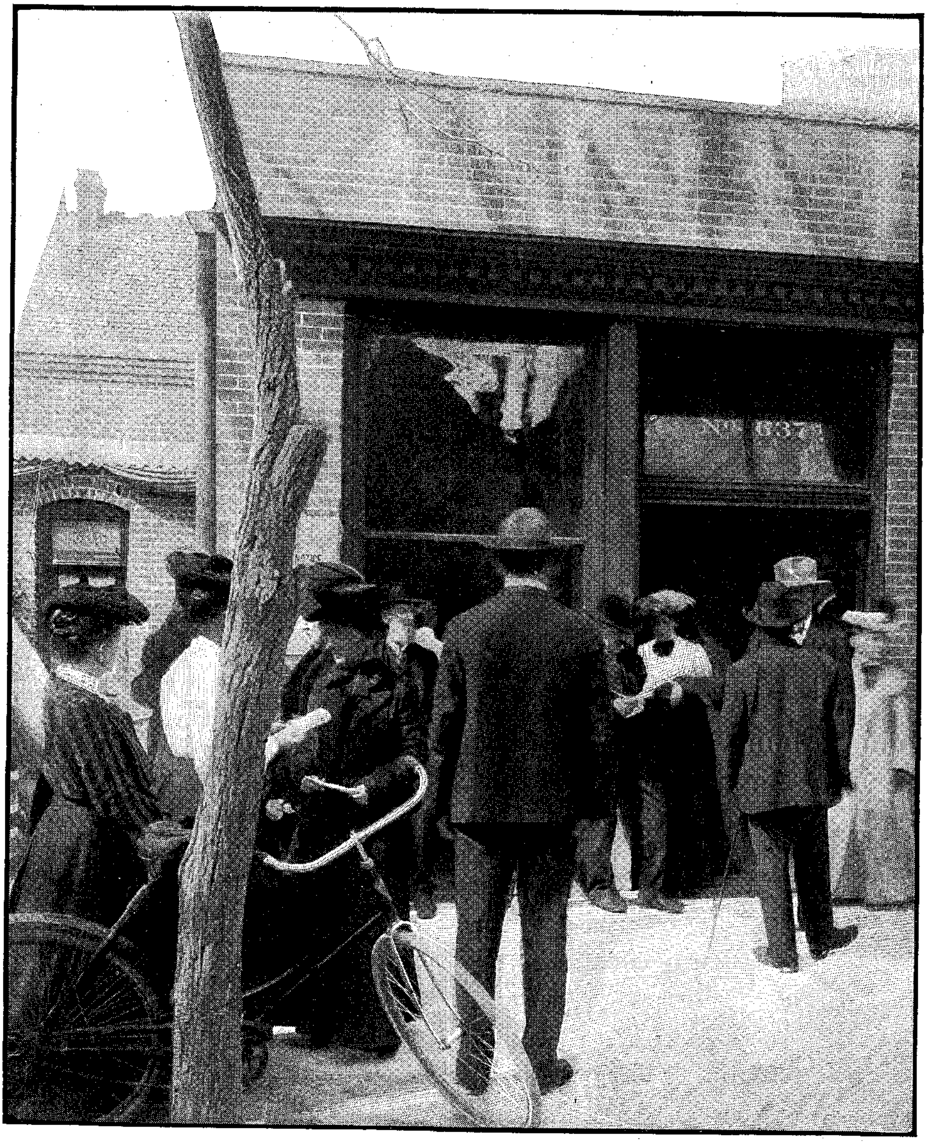
[1] Mr. Lewis, the author of this article, was for several years correspondent for the Denver “News” at Pueblo, and has been Secretary of the Rocky Mountain Harvard Club. His personal standing and character and his familiarity with political conditions in Colorado are spoken of in high terms in letters received by The Outlook from several of the best-known and ablest citizens of the State. Mr. Lewis has been studying the workings of woman's suffrage in Colorado for several years.—THE EDITORS.

Unfortunately for purposes of comparison, no official separate record has been kept of the number of women and of the number of men who respectively have registered and voted. Names of both sexes are entered indiscriminately in the books. In order, so far as possible, however, to determine "what and how many women vote," I have checked over the official "registers of electors" and the "poll-books" in fourteen precincts of Pueblo County, which includes Pueblo, the second largest city in Colorado, with a present population, including suburbs, of 50,000. I present on another page, in tabular form, the actual figures as to the number of women and the number of men who were registered and who voted, together with percentages. This table includes actual figures for each of the precincts for the election of November, 1904, for National, State, and county candidates, and in the case of eight city precincts it also covers the April, 1905, election for municipal candidates. Extraordinary general interest was taken in both campaigns and elections. Although registration for the fall election was "padded" by about a thousand fraudulent names in good as well as bad precincts in all parts of the city, and, as the courts have since shown, a conspiracy existed among gangsters to have "repeaters" vote under these names on election day, the active vigilance of good men, not women, of both parties, backed by a vigorous sentiment and by the courts, prevented much of the intended fraud. The municipal election last spring was regarded by politicians as "the most nearly honest election in Pueblo in years." I chose Pueblo County because in Denver, neither in November, 1904, nor for twenty years, has there been an election that decent citizens of either party would unhesitatingly assert was "anywhere near on the square." None of the other cities is thoroughly representative. The polyglot population of Pueblo County, however, and the great variety of industries in which her inhabitants engage, make it possible to select precincts that are representative of almost every class, nationality, and occupation within the State.

It is noteworthy that in a number of precincts the percentage of those registered who voted is higher among the women than among the men. This is due to the fact that women are to be found at their places of residence for a greater portion of the day, and consequently those women who are registered are, throughout the twelve hours the polls are open, frequently reminded of their duties by men and women precinct workers. In the best-managed municipal precincts every woman of both parties who has registered is reported as either "voted," "absent from city," or otherwise "accounted for" to the precinct leaders of the respective parties by six o'clock an hour before the polls close. It is, of course, impossible to do this so systematically with the men who are away from home at work.



WOMEN AT THE POLLS

Scene at a polling-place in one of the precincts "on the border" in Denver, showing women workers in the foreground at the left. Each worker has a typewritten list of registered electors showing the politics of each, or at least a list of the registered electors of her own party. Under the direction of the precinct chairman, on election day they call upon the registered electors and bring many of them to the polls in carriages furnished by their party.

It will be seen that the lowest percentage of women among electors registered, as well as of women in the total who voted, is to be found among those whose male relatives are artisans, small tradesmen, unskilled and skilled workmen of American citizen parentage, and who correspond to the best class of miners in our State. (See columns 10 and 12 for precinct No. 27.) These women, as a class, take but little interest in the ballot, and many of them say they "do not consider it womanly to vote."

It is also significant to see how large a

HUSBAND AND WIFE COMING TO THE POLLS TOGETHER

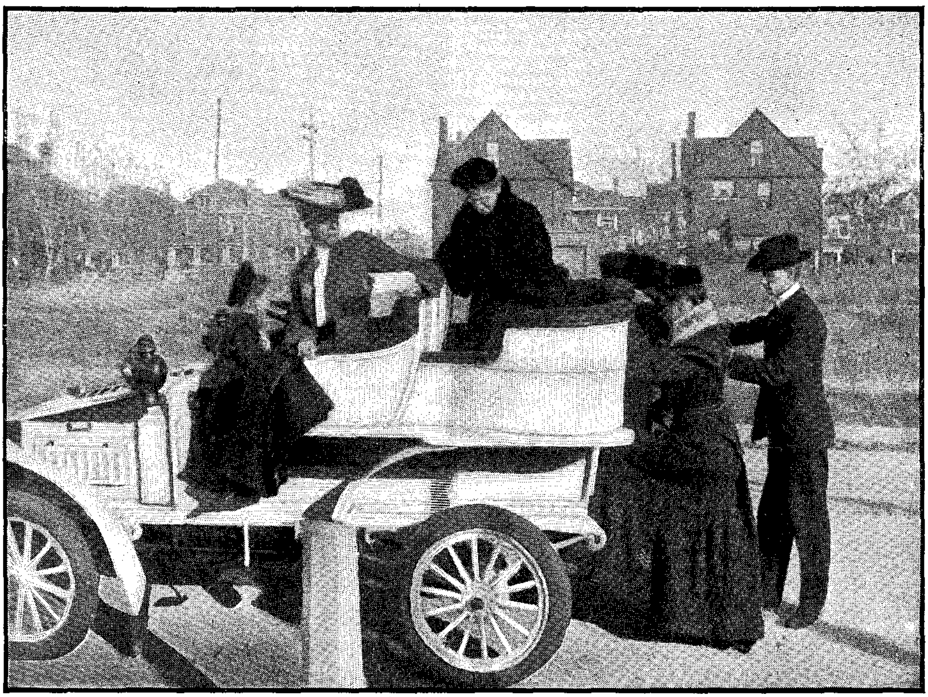
These voters in the best residence section of Denver have come to the polling-place in their own carriage. An official of the Honest Election League is handing them circulars urging them to vote against one of the nominees for District Attorney.

proportion of the registered Slav and Italian women vote—they whose husbands and brothers are the unskilled laborers at the great steel works, precious metal smelters, and other large manufacturing plants, and who generally correspond to the inferior or foreign class of Colorado's miners. (See column 15 for precinct 20 in my table. Also Remarks.) It should not be overlooked also that the percentages, both for registration and voting, of these foreign women are higher than those for the wives and sisters of the skilled American mechanics and small tradesmen. (Compare columns 10 and 12 for precincts 20 and 27.)

It is evident from the table that the percentage of total registered electors who are women, and the percentage of the total number of actual voters who are women, do not for these recent elections approach either Mr. Raine's assertion or my own estimate for 1894, except in the best residence precincts. Too much credit cannot be given a majority of our very best women for the manner in which they have assumed their responsibilities of the ballot. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments of the suffragists is based upon the fact that in the very best residential parts of our cities the number of women voters more nearly approximates the number of men than anywhere else. But the next highest percentage of female voters polled is to be found in the precincts of brothels and female "rooming-houses." (See column 12 for precinct 8 in spring election, also "Remarks" in table.) In no precinct does the number of women, registered electors or actual voters, exceed that of the men. The average of all is, however, far below the percentage for the whole State for 1894.

Men fail to vote at primaries and at elections because in the press of their occupations they "don't find time;" because they have neglected to register; because they have failed to inform themselves about candidates or issues; because they don't care.

Women are affected by all these causes even more strongly. For other reasons, furthermore, that do not influence men,



ENCOURAGING WOMEN TO VOTE

Women of the best residence section of Denver, Capitol Hill, leaving the polling-place in an automobile lent to one of the political parties by an enthusiastic supporter of its candidate for Governor. A worker who acts also as chauffeur is helping one of the ladies into the tonneau. The woman worker is on the front seat examining her list of electors to see for whom she will call next.

women do not do their duty: Because "they are glad to say they let their men folks attend to politics for *their* families;" because "their husbands don't want them to vote;" because of timidity and "not liking to go down into a horrid crowd of strange people and have their names called out in a public place." When but little over twenty-one years old, and especially when unmarried, some women do not vote because they prefer not to admit their age. In passing, it is worthy of remark that a gallant legislature, in reframing the law regarding registration to conform to conditions of woman's suffrage, made the provision that a man should be required to give under oath his exact age, but that a woman shall be required only to swear "she is over twenty-one years old."

In speaking of those women who *do not* vote, we should not overlook the sundry classes of good women who *do* vote—the "new women" who glory in "the redemption of the sex" and the assertion of their "higher place—in a wider and nobler sphere than the kitchen or household;" the women politicians who, though not vicious, are "in politics for what there is in it in jobs and money;" the women, many of them newcomers to the State, who vote because they enjoy the slight excitement and novelty of casting their ballots; the women who "vote merely to oblige their husbands;" the women who "propose to assert their independence by voting just because their husbands don't want them to vote." Many examples of all these classes I have personally known, and also the greatest class of all, the good women, thank Heaven!—those who vote because they know it is their duty—and to many of them an unpleasant and unsought duty—because they feel that they must help to overcome the votes of the vicious and depraved of their sex.

But we have many bad women as well as good women, and experience and our figures show that, next to the best residence precincts, those containing the brothels and female "rooming-houses"

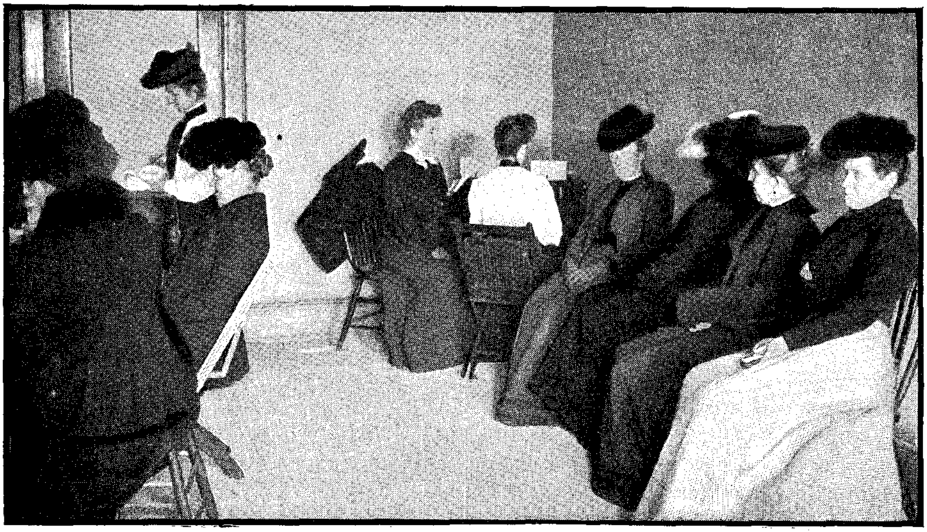
RIVAL WORKERS

The woman with the list in her hands is a precinct worker, and is telling the two women whom she has just brought to the polls, and who have just received the circular of the Honest Election League, to pay no attention to its attack upon the candidate of her party for District Attorney.

poll the greatest proportion of women voters. (See column 12 and remarks for precinct 8 in spring election.) Indeed, the hideous accompaniment of woman's suffrage has been the introduction into primaries of both parties, into registrations and elections in cities like Denver, Pueblo, Cripple Creek, Trinidad, and Leadville, of this far from small class of females from the "red light districts," who are more absolutely under the power of those who are supposed to be the guardians of the law than are the men of the same grade of immorality—the tramps, the saloon bums, the confidence men, the petty thieves, the keepers of low saloons, the gamblers, the pimps, the procurers. Owing to popular attention and indignation, warnings of newspapers, and the action of the courts, in neither of the elections that figure in our table did the police and county officers in Pueblo exercise as much coercion on these fallen women as has been the rule in elections in previous years in Pueblo and as is always done in Denver. Hence the percentage of women registered who voted is not as high as usual in precinct 8 of our table. Considerable coercion was used, however, in Pueblo in November, 1904. Even in April, 1905, despite the exposure by a grand jury of methods employed in the November and in former elections, some coercion was employed to compel women of the brothel precinct to vote once, although, apparently, there was no repeating last spring. Indeed, the figures for the spring election show up conditions in the "red light district" more nearly accurately than do those for the fall election, when this precinct (precinct 8) included a considerable number of respectable alien workmen and their wives. It is safe to say that under ordinary conditions and under ordinary police administrations ninety per cent. of the fallen women in our cities are compelled to register and to vote at least once for the candidates favored by the police or sheriff's officers.

But in ordinary times these women are also compelled to "repeat." In Pueblo, in November, 1904, as before stated, the vigilance of the decent men of both parties, as special officers of the district courts armed with warrants for the arrest of persons who might attempt to vote under fictitious names, prevented a majority, but not all, of these thousand fraudulent names from being voted as usual by "repeaters" under direction of the police and sheriff's officers, who in turn were under orders from "the gang." A former "city detective" or "fine collector" in Pueblo has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary for compelling an unfortunate woman to repeat her registration. He is under further indictments for compelling the same woman to forge fictitious names by the hundreds to district registration sheets, all of which names were to be voted on election day by other fallen women, from whom the fellow collected "fines." Another former "city detective" is under indictment for actually compelling unfortunate women to repeat in the November, 1904, election, voting under some of the fictitious names forged by the first woman. Other presumably more respectable citizens, among them the present postmaster of Pueblo, the former county clerk and several of his deputies, are under indictment on equally strong evidence for being the brains and purse for this, which is but typical of former conspiracies by which elections were "carried" to perpetuate the control of the "gang."

Our foreign-born women electors, equally ignorant and illiterate with our foreign-born men, who as voters are so often held up for execration, should not be overlooked in our examination of "what and how many women vote." One of the anomalies of this woman's suffrage State is that an adult foreign-born woman is naturalized and becomes a duly qualified elector simply by the naturalization of her husband. An adult female alien applying for original naturalization is of but rare occurrence in Colorado. It can be readily seen that with this arrangement the naturalization of a single male alien often creates im-



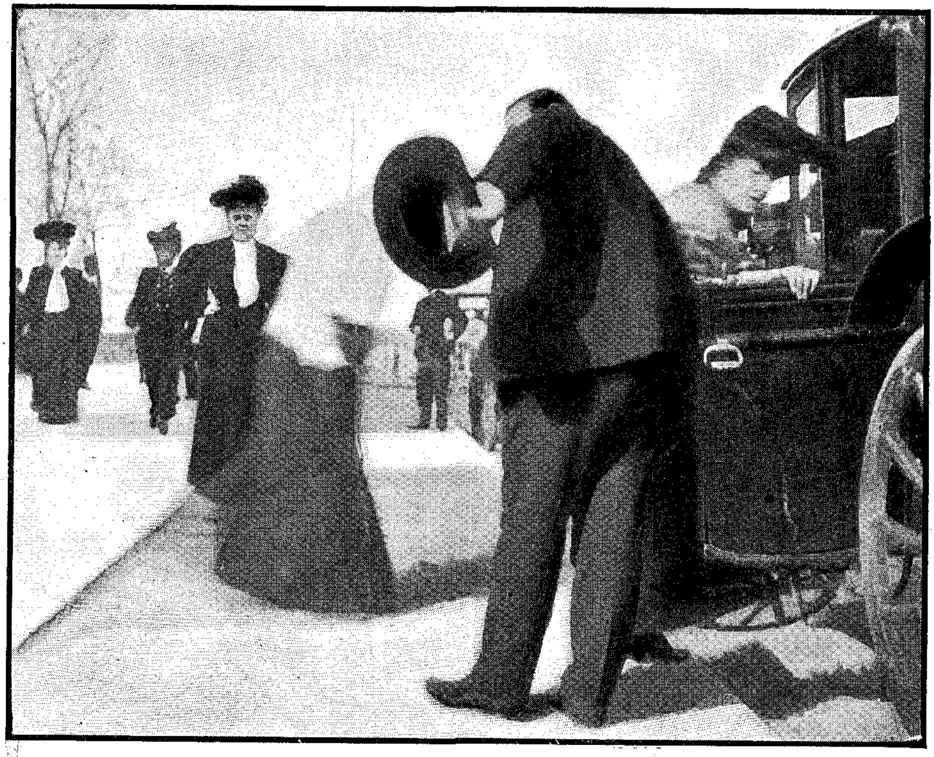
AT PARTY HEADQUARTERS

The women canvassers of one of the political parties are waiting to receive their "route lists," which are being prepared by the stenographers.

WHAT CLASSES OF COLORADO WOMEN VOTE—ACTUAL FIGURES FOR FOURTEEN TYPICAL PRECINCTS IN A REPRESENTATIVE COUNTY (PUEBLO COUNTY)

	1 Number of precinct.	2 Character of precinct.	3 Date of election.	4 Total registration.	5 Number of women registered.	6 Number of men registered.	7 Total vote.	8 Total female vote.	9 Total male vote.	10 Per cent. of those registered who were women.	11 Per cent. of those registered who were men.	12 Per cent. of electors polled who were women.	13 Per cent. of electors polled who were men.	14 Per cent. of both sexes registered who voted.	15 Per cent. of women registered who voted.	16 Per cent. of men registered who voted.	Remarks.
Vote in eight precincts in city of Pueblo for both Nov., 1904, and April, 1905, elections.	4	Best residence.	Nov., '04 General	577	263	314	506	221	285	45.58	54.41	43.67	56.32	87.69	84.03	90.76	Part of this precinct is not in the city, but this part includes few "Mexicans." A few fraudulent registrations even here.
			April, '05 City	549	258	291	433	200	233	46.99	53.00	46.18	53.81	78.87	77.51	80.06	
	23	Second best residence.	Nov., '04 General	577	265	312	462	204	258	45.92	54.07	44.15	55.84	80.06	76.98	82.69	Next to precinct 4 above this is best residence precinct in city, but it includes more women who make their own living.
			April, '05 City	533	243	290	386	178	208	45.59	54.40	46.11	53.88	72.42	73.25	71.72	
	13	Half best residence, half skilled artisans and railroad men.	Nov., '04 General	640	250	390	492	194	298	39.06	60.93	39.43	60.56	76.87	77.60	76.41	There were 8 fraudulent registrations (3 names of women, 5 of men) in this precinct.
			April, '05 City	554	240	314	394	162	232	43.32	56.67	41.11	58.88	71.11	67.50	73.88	
	28	Artisans, small tradesmen, mechanics, laborers—skilled and unskilled—clerks, a few supts., foremen, engineers, prof. men.	Nov., '04 General	721	285	436	605	240	365	39.52	60.47	39.66	60.33	83.91	84.21	83.71	
			April, '05 City	662	265	397	494	181	313	40.03	59.96	36.63	63.36	74.62	68.30	78.84	
	27	Mechanics, skilled and common laborers at steel works.	Nov., '04 General	585	161	424	359	99	260	27.52	72.47	27.57	72.42	61.36	61.49	61.32	There were 63 fraudulent registrations in this precinct (18 names of women, 45 names of men). These voters are nearly all of American citizen parentage and correspond to the better class of our mining population.
			April, '05 City	402	114	288	287	84	203	28.35	71.64	29.26	70.73	71.39	73.68	70.48	
	20	Slavs and Italians, steel works and smelter laborers.	Nov., '04 General	583	222	361	485	180	305	38.07	61.92	37.11	62.88	83.19	81.08	84.48	Among these were many of the fraudulently naturalized aliens and their wives. Total actual female population is relatively small here compared with male population. Little effort was made to detect fraudulent registrations here. These voters correspond to our alien or less desirable mining population.
			April, '05 City	589	220	369	482	183	299	37.35	62.64	37.96	62.03	81.83	83.18	81.02	
	11	Cheap lodging-houses, saloons. "Tough." A few small manufacturers, alien laborers.	Nov. '04 General	625	216	409	357	108	249	34.56	65.44	30.25	69.74	57.12	50.00	60.88	Warrants were out for persons who might try to vote on 78 fraudulent registrations (26 of women, 52 of men). This accounts for an unusually small percentage of those registered voting. Some fraud and coercion, however, in fall election.
			April, '05 City	443	156	287	254	84	170	35.21	64.78	33.07	66.92	57.33	53.84	59.23	Fights and trouble generally normally occur in this precinct. Owing to spring election being almost honest, the large part of the purchasable vote here was not got to the polls. Actual total women population is small here compared with men.
	8	Some aliens and respectable people, but generally disreputable. Brothels and lowest saloons. Female rooming-houses.	Nov., '04 General	566	201	365	449	149	300	35.51	64.48	33.18	66.81	79.32	74.12	82.19	This precinct is not all in city for general elections, but includes some alien workmen and families. All fraudulent registrations were not found on account of difficulty of canvassing, but 13 (5 of women, 8 of men) were found.
			April, '05 City	297	121	176	199	86	113	40.74	59.29	43.21	56.78	67.00	71.07	64.20	This precinct in city election more of a fair criterion than in fall election above. Some respectable citizens on borders. Even in this election, however, police and county officers used coercion here spring and fall. Few respectable women here.
Vote in six precincts outside city and not on railroad for fall election (Nov., '04) only. County of Pueblo.	39	Beulah—small village in agricultural region.	Nov., '04 General	232	75	157	186	57	129	32.32	67.67	30.64	69.35	80.17	76.00	82.16	
	36	Rye—small village in agricultural and stock region.	Nov., '04 General	154	58	96	130	53	77	37.66	62.33	40.76	59.23	84.41	91.37	80.20	
	34	Stanley's Ranch—cattle-raising community.	Nov., '04 General	44	14	30	36	10	26	31.81	68.18	27.77	72.22	81.81	71.42	86.66	
	41	Agricultural and horticultural region.	Nov., '04 General	42	11	31	28	7	21	26.19	73.80	25.00	75.00	66.66	63.63	67.74	
	31	Ranching community, some agriculture, mostly cattle.	Nov., '04 General	58	20	38	37	12	25	34.48	65.51	32.43	67.56	63.79	60.00	65.78	
	30	Ranching community.	Nov., '04 General	101	42	59	53	17	36	41.58	58.41	32.07	67.92	52.47	40.47	61.01	

House of Representatives; in 1897, three; in 1899, three; in 1901, one; in 1903, one; in 1905, none. It is a subject of common remark also that there has been in the last few years a steady falling off in the number of women at primary caucuses and as voters at partisan primaries in the *respectable* precincts, as well as a corresponding, and of course consequent, decrease in the number of women delegates to local and State conventions of the parties.



ROUNDING UP REPEATERS

A city detective in a city of Colorado collecting disreputable women in order to "vote them" illegally and make them "repeat." The women are taken from polling-place to polling-place in closed carriages. As a "blind" the hack was not driven to the women's "houses," but the detective ordered the women to meet him and his carriage two blocks or more away. This picture was taken in spite of threats made by the "plain-clothes man" of the municipal police department that he would "do up" the photographer. He effectively concealed his own identity as well as that of one of the two women he was helping into the hack by "ducking" and holding up his hat. Two other women who were to go in the carriage are seen approaching on the sidewalk.

A very noteworthy change wrought by woman's suffrage has been the raising of the requirement as to moral character, judged solely by their private lives, of men elected, especially to offices in our cities. But no corresponding change for the better has been brought about in the *public* conduct of our officials. Before 1893 we had in Colorado some men who served the people well in their purely official capacities whose private lives were unsavory. We formerly had the elsewhere usual city average of saloon-keepers, some of whom were honest as municipal officials. Since the extension of the franchise to women political parties have learned the inadvisability of nominating for public offices drunkards, notorious libertines, gamblers, retail liquor dealers, and men who engage in similar discredited occupations, because the women almost always vote them down. This change has been pointed to by advocates of woman's suffrage as a great reform. Unfortunately, the character and honesty of our public servants, judged solely by their public services and by their official conduct, has not in general been improved. Since 1893 we have had as many men, possibly more, who as officers are incompetent, grossly partial, unscrupulous, and even positively dishonest, although as private citizens they do not sell liquor or engage in riotous living. It should be needless to say that saloon-keepers are often honest, that ranchmen, real estate and investment brokers are sometimes dishonest, and that the substitution in office of a rogue who has been dealing in land for one who has been dealing in liquor is not a real improvement.

Now, what are the general results?

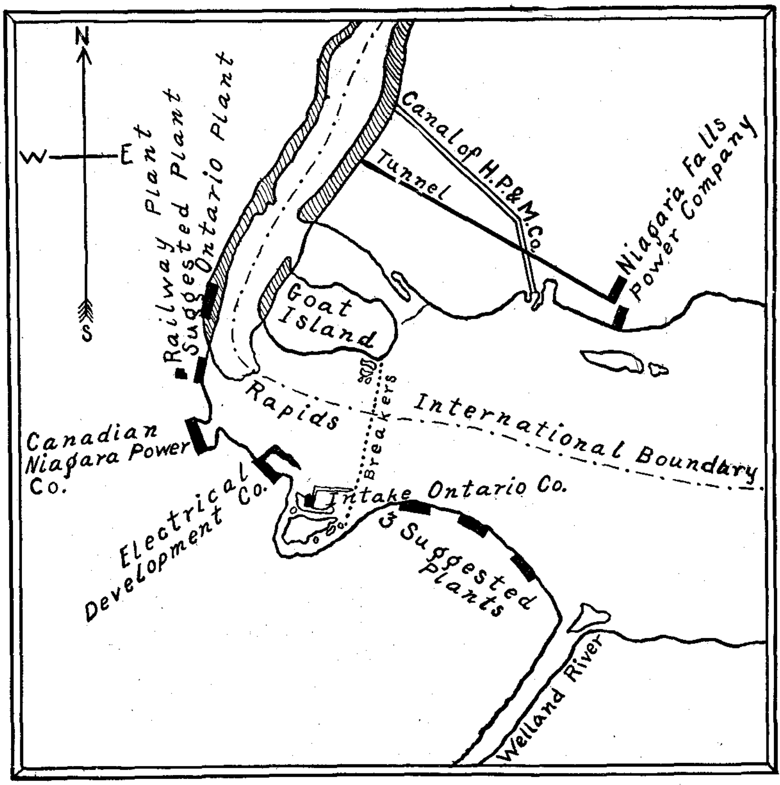
We have seen that the presence of women as voters has not improved the order and decorum at polling-places. In addition to the specific crimes already mentioned, it will be necessary, in order to remind us how impure Colorado's elections have been, only to refer to the surprising amount of election knavery committed in all parts of the State by both parties in November, 1904, and exposed last winter in the contest over the Governorship, and to the facts that about thirty men in Denver, mostly Democrats, were sent to jail and fined, and that a grand jury in Pueblo returned 257 indictments, mostly against Republicans, all for election frauds.

Those of us who have lived in Colorado and have had the opportunity to become acquainted, not merely with the noisy radicals, but with our really representative women voters, are not ready to accept as accurate assertions that, as a class, they have by voting "dealt a blow at their womanhood," nor to approve sweeping indictments against their character and motives.

We have also seen that extension of the suffrage to women has, in the long run, merely tended to double the number of *possible*, not of *actual*, voters. Among the very highest classes, judged by standards of property, intelligence, and morality, and among the very lowest, we have added seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. to the number who formerly exercised the franchise. But among the great middle classes, in these respects, a very much larger proportion of the women than of the men do not vote. It would, indeed, appear that the average character of the actual voting body has either remained unchanged or has been slightly lowered as regards actual political intelligence and discrimination.

Although rascals of notoriously intemperate or licentious personal habits and rascals engaging in certain discredited forms of business are no longer so largely elected to public offices, it must be confessed that in too many cases under woman's suffrage the incumbents are rascals still. We have practically all the forms of graft and misgovernment found elsewhere. Woman's suffrage seems to have been neither a preventive, an alleviator, nor a cure for any of our political ills. Furthermore, in Colorado's larger cities, and especially in Denver, lewd women have been granted by the police a degree of license not accorded them, so far as I can learn, in any other part of America. Is it unfair to assume that this is part of the price paid by bosses and police in our cities for the extreme activity of these women in primaries and elections? It would, however, be as absurd to assume that all the debauchery of our public service in many fields is due to women voters as to assert that they have improved our local and State government.

Indeed, it would seem that the woman's suffragists in general tacitly admit that there have been no practical reforms or other important or positive results in Colorado, because they who urged the adoption of their experiment for reasons of *justice* and *expediency* now in the great majority of cases praise its operation on grounds of *justice* only. Voting, they say, is one of woman's natural rights, from the exercise of which tyrannical man long prevented her. They ask, "Would you in justice refuse the intelligent and refined women of your family the franchise you give so freely to illiterates and miserable, often criminal, foreigners and negroes?" They assume that one approves of allowing the men of all these classes to vote without restriction, and they forget that these illiterates, foreigners, and negroes have women in *their* families. That all the women even of Colorado do not regard voting as among their "natural rights" is shown by the flat and oftentimes indignant refusal by many to vote at all, and by the manner in which such a large proportion of the others look upon voting as on unpleasant, irksome, and unsought duty.


N
W
E
S
Railway Plant
Suggested Plant
Ontario Plant
Canal of H.P.&M.Co.
Tunnel
Niagara Falls Power Company
Goat Island
Rapids
Breakers
International Boundary
Canadian Niagara Power Co.
Electrical Development Co.
Intake
Ontario Co.
3 Suggested Plants
Welland River

NIAGARA FALLS AND THE NIAGARA RIVER
Showing the location of existing and suggested power plants

HOW TO PROTECT NIAGARA FALLS

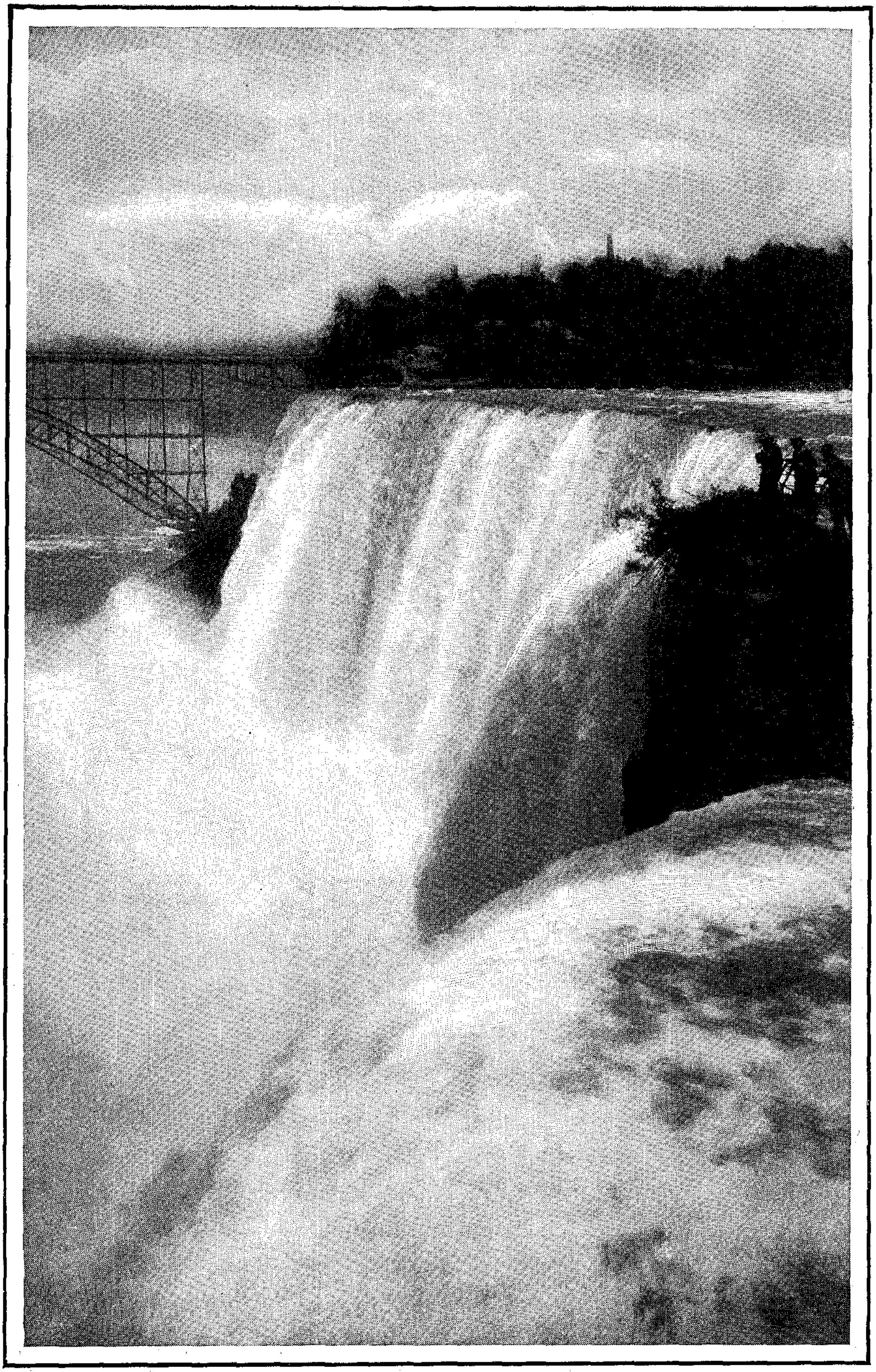
BY CHARLES M. DOW

President of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara

IN the last week of the old year the following despatch appeared in one of the daily newspapers of the State of New York:

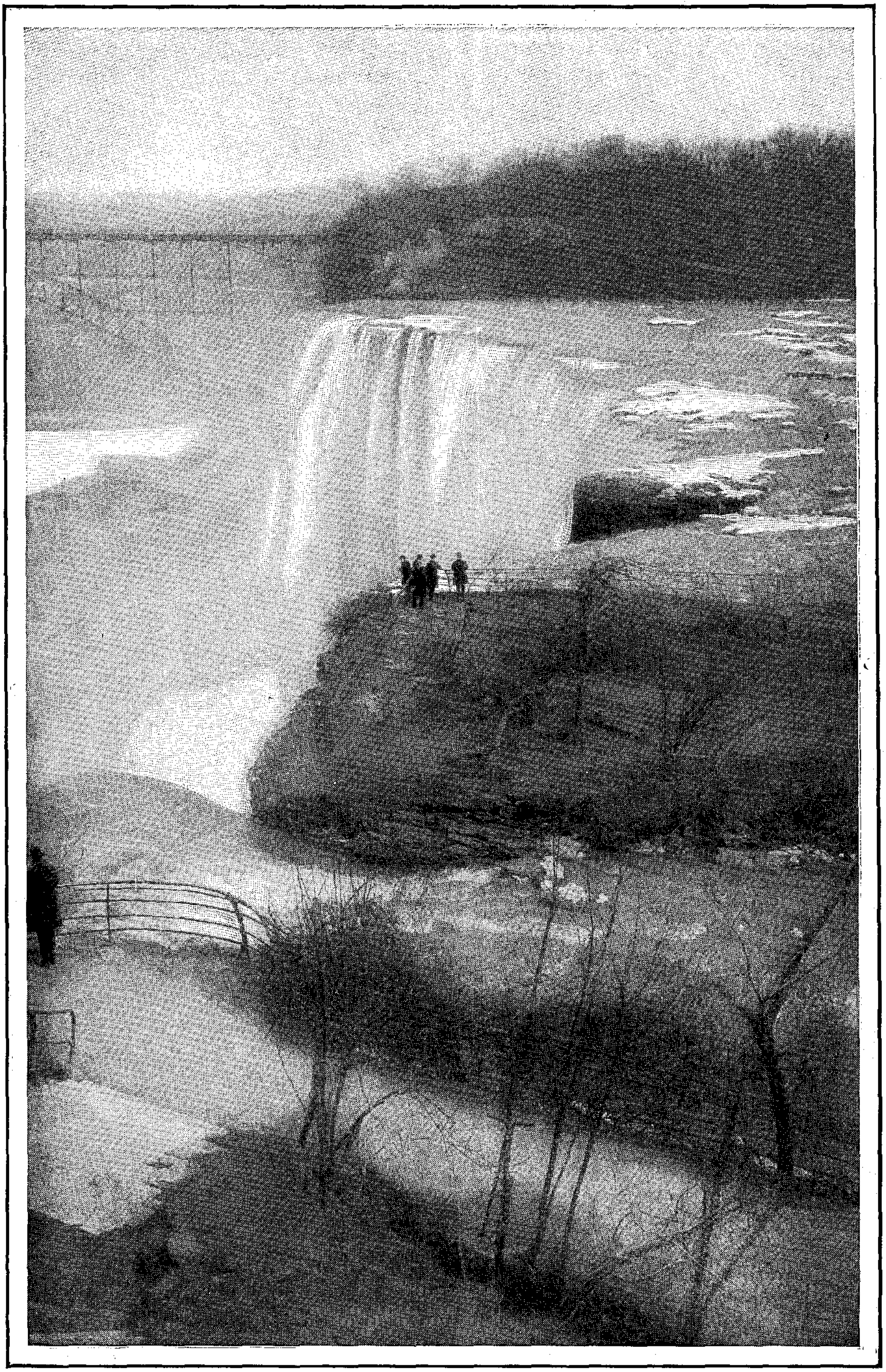
Assemblyman (Blank), when informed that Governor Higgins would have something to say relative to the preservation of Niagara Falls in his message, said he presumed there would be some play to the galleries along that line, but, notwithstanding, the utilization of natural water power for the production of electrical energy would continue all over the State and country, and in twenty-five years Niagara Falls would be as the Falls of the Mohawk at Cohoes, only to be seen as a waterfall on Sundays and holidays when the power utilization plants were not running and the diverted water was allowed to follow its natural channels. For his part he thought it would be better to have the water thus used than forever running to waste.

This utterance is quoted solely because it accurately represents the feeling of large numbers of people. Coupling this feeling with the habit of capital to seize upon every opportunity for profit regardless of sentiments and emotions unconnected with the heaping up of wealth, we have a formidable menace to the Falls of Niagara, which, if not counteracted, will unquestionably bring about the result so much desired in the language quoted.



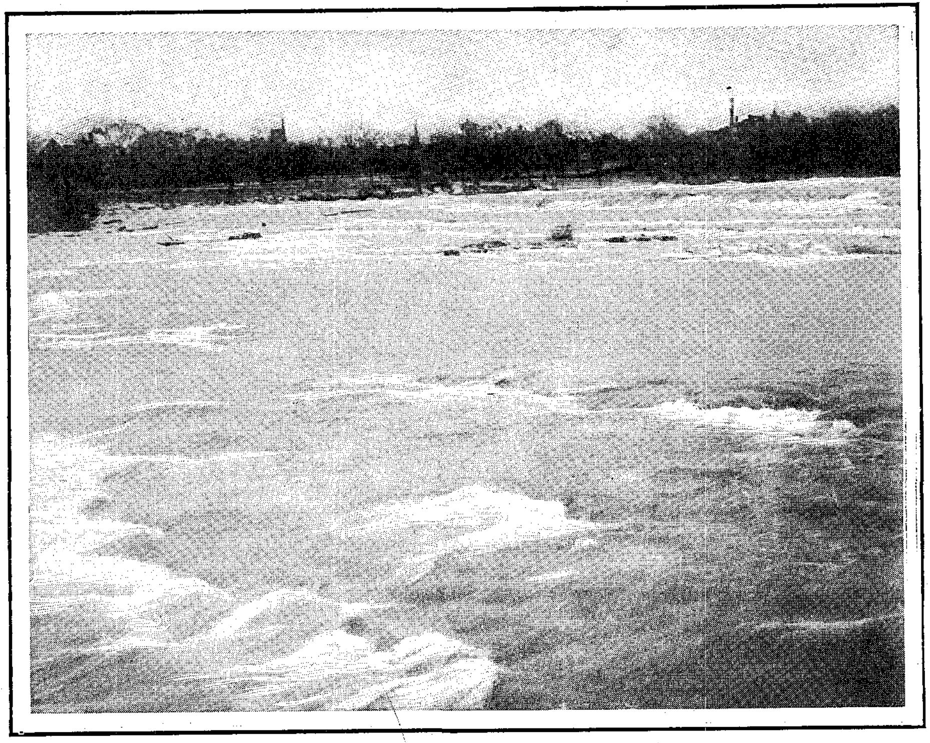
THE AMERICAN FALLS FROM THE SOUTHERN END AT THE NORMAL STAGE OF WATER

Compare this with the view on the opposite page, which was taken from practically the same point of view under quite different conditions



THE AMERICAN FALLS AT A LOW STAGE OF WATER CAUSED BY AN ICE JAM

A comparison of this picture with that on the opposite page gives some idea of what will result if the Falls are not protected

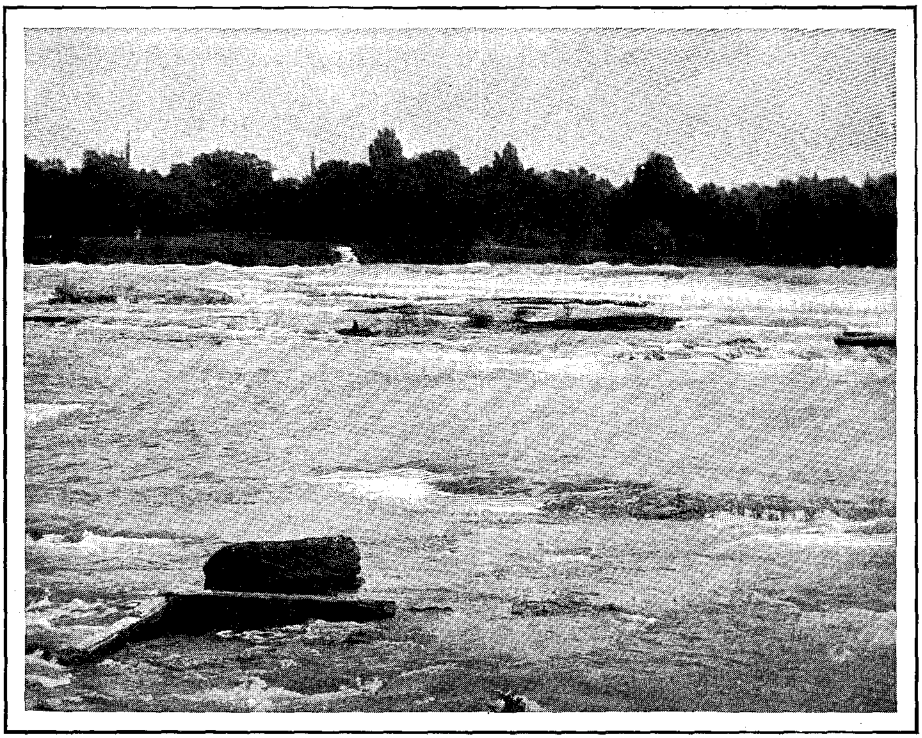


THE AMERICAN CHANNEL ABOVE THE FALLS AT A NORMAL STAGE OF WATER

This danger has recently aroused public attention and has stimulated into activity for the protection of the Falls the energy of the press, of several civic societies, and of a vast number of public-spirited citizens. The purpose of this article is to add to the exact knowledge of all such societies and persons, excite the interest of others whose attention has not been hitherto attracted to the subject, and to indicate in what manner protest against the threatened evil may be most practical and effective.

In the first place, the danger of the near extinction of the Falls as an object of overwhelming interest by the diversion of the waters is real. It has been difficult to impress this unwelcome fact upon the minds of a people whose imagination has been stirred for generations by the tremendous volume of the cataract, and to whom the inexhaustibility of Niagara has seemed as certain and enduring as the limitless power of the sun to give out heat and light. The volume of water in the river is a finite and measurable quantity. The flow has been measured for many years by the United States Engineer Corps, and it reports that the average flow of the river is 222,400 cubic feet per second, and that the minimum flow, so far as observed, was 165,340 cubic feet per second. Given this flow—and that the figures are substantially correct there is no doubt—we have next to inquire the amount of the abstraction of this water which has been authorized by the State of New York and by the Government of the Province of Ontario.

Upon the American side the State Reservation at Niagara, which is owned by the State of New York, occupies the shore of the river from a point below the American Fall to Port Day above the Falls, and although attempts have been made to procure the right to divert the water along this stretch of river front, all such attempts have hitherto been defeated. At Port Day is situated the intake of the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company. This company conducts water by a canal extending through the city of Niagara Falls to the brink of the gorge below the falls, and utilizes the water at the gorge.



THE RAPIDS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, AT A LOW STAGE OF WATER

It is authorized to take water through a canal 100 feet wide with the uniform depth of 14 feet. The precise amount of water which can be diverted through this canal has not been accurately determined, or, if thus determined, has never been made public. The amount has usually been assumed to be 7,700 cubic feet per second, but in response to a question of the International Waterways Commission, the president of the company has said that the flow would be from 8,000 to 10,000 cubic feet per second. It is reasonably safe to assume that the maximum figure—10,000 cubic feet per second—is substantially correct.

Next above this canal is located the plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company. This company has the right to divert water sufficient to produce 200,000 effective horse-power. At the present time this company diverts the waters of the river into a canal communicating with penstocks in which are located the wheels producing power, and the waters are conducted through a tunnel approximately 7,000 feet long to the gorge of the river below the Falls. It has two power-houses in operation capable of producing 100,000 horse-power, and the waters necessary to divert for this purpose are rated at 8,600 cubic feet per second. In order to produce the additional authorized 100,000 horse-power, the construction of another tunnel would be necessary. To produce this amount of horse-power would require the diversion of at least 8,600 cubic feet of water per second, and hence the total amount which this company is authorized to divert amounts to 17,200 cubic feet per second. This, with the maximum of 10,000 cubic feet diverted by the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company, makes a total of 27,200 cubic feet per second which can now be lawfully diverted upon the American side.

In addition to the foregoing, the State of New York has authorized from time to time during the past twenty years a variety of companies to divert water from the river, but several of these have unquestionably lost their rights through failure to comply with the time limit prescribed by their charters. There are two such companies, however, the legal status of which is somewhat uncertain, viz., the Niagara Power and Development Company and the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company. No statutory restriction was placed upon the amount of water which either of these companies was authorized to use. There is some question whether the rights conferred upon them are now in existence, but this can only be settled, if it ever arises in a practical way, by legal adjudication. It is understood that neither of these companies is at the present time engaged upon any work looking to the diversion of water.

Passing now to the conditions existing upon the Canadian side of the river, there are four corporations in operation which have been authorized by the Government of Ontario to divert water for power purposes. The Canadian Niagara Power Company has the right to use 100,000 horse-power, which, it is estimated, requires the diversion of 8,900 cubic feet of water per second. The Ontario Power Company has two rights—one to carry water through three main feeder pipes eighteen feet in diameter to a power-house situate below the Falls, and the estimate given by the Canadian authorities as to the amount of water which will be diverted by these three pipes is substantially 12,000 cubic feet per second. This company has also a right to conduct water from the Welland River, which flows into Niagara River just above the rapids, but the amount of water which can be abstracted under this permission has never been determined and may probably safely be omitted from any calculations made in this article. The Electrical Development Company has the right to produce 125,000 horse-power, and the estimated amount of water required to produce this maximum amount of power is 11,200 cubic feet per second.

In addition to the foregoing, an electrical railway company has the right to divert water to a certain amount in the operation of its road, which amount, however, is quite small, and is generally estimated at about 400 cubic feet per second.

These are all the rights which have been granted by the Government of Ontario up to the present time.

In the year 1903 the Government of Ontario procured a report from an eminent hydraulic engineer upon the possibility of additional plants capable of generating electric power on a large scale with waters of Niagara River. The report of this engineer suggested four additional plants with a total water consumption of 29,996 cubic feet per second—practically 30,000 cubic feet. One of these suggested sites was located near the Horseshoe Falls, and the remaining three on the shore of the river above the rapids and below Welland River. The sites of all the existing and suggested plants are shown upon the accompanying map.

The present situation may, therefore, be summed up as follows, the figures given being that of cubic feet of water diverted from the stream each second:

AUTHORIZED DIVERSION

Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company	10,000
Niagara Falls Power Company	17,200
Canadian Niagara Power Company	8,900
Ontario Power Company	12,000
Electrical Development Company	11,200
Electric Railway Company	400
Total	59,700

Or practically 60,000 cubic feet per second.

SUGGESTED DIVERSION

30,000

The right to divert 60,000 cubic feet per second is an accomplished fact. The prevention of future diversions is the end to which the energies of all lovers of the Falls must be directed.

A clear understanding of the situation can be had only by careful consideration of the effect of the authorized diversion of the waters. Much speculation has been indulged in on this subject without full consideration of the topographical features. It must be borne in mind that the Falls consist of two parts—the American Fall and the Horseshoe Fall. The division of the waters of the stream to supply these two falls occurs above the head of Goat Island. There has been a considerable diversity of opinion as to the proportion of water passing over the American Fall. It has been stated as low as ten per cent. and as high as twenty-five per cent. A careful consideration of the situation will, I think, establish that this percentage cannot well exceed ten per cent. A cross section of the stream based upon actual soundings just above the head of the rapids, taken in connection with the width of the American channel at the head of Goat Island and that of the Canadian channel at the same point, seems to establish that ten per cent. is a fair and reasonable estimate of this amount.

The power plants upon the American shore are both in operation, and it is safe to assume are now taking from the stream not exceeding 15,000 cubic feet per second. They unquestionobly use to some extent water which would flow over the Canadian Fall, and it may be stated without fear of successful contradiction that the effect of taking a limited quantity of water from the stream above the rapids at any given point situated a measurable distance from the point of diversion cannot be calculated or stated with accuracy.

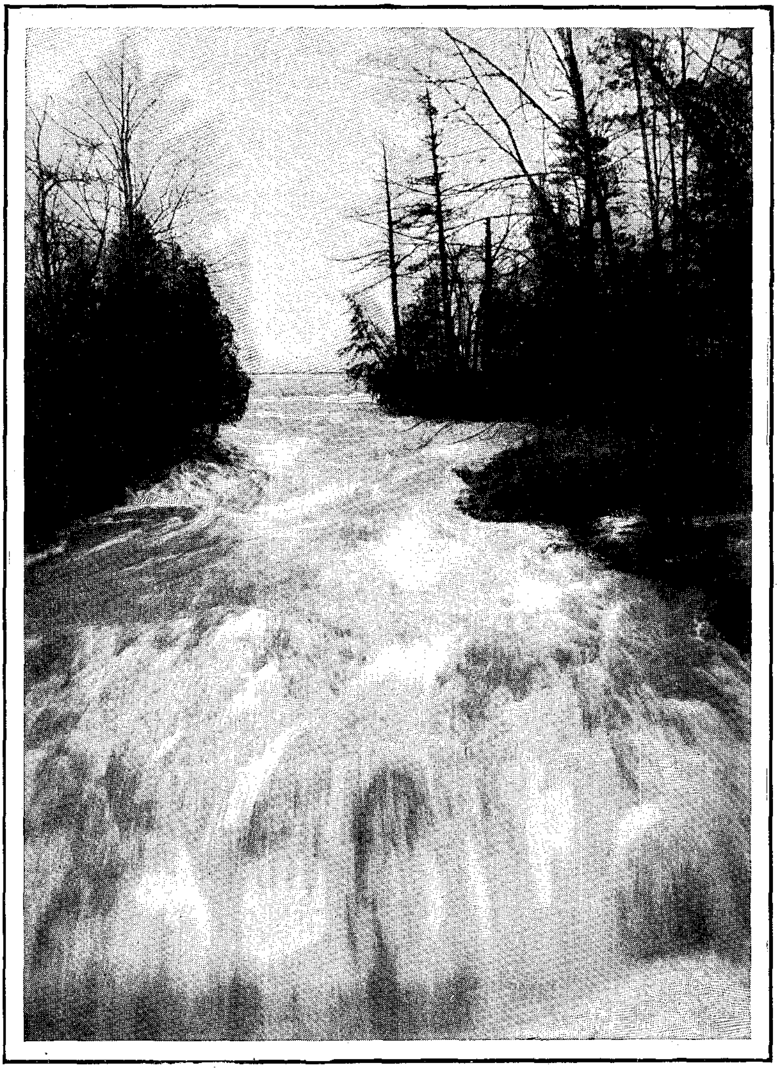
We have next to consider the effect of the abstraction of water by the plants already authorized upon the Canadian side. It will be seen by reference to the map that all of these plants divert water from the stream below the head of the rapids. These rapids extend for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile above the Horseshoe Falls, and the fall in this distance is about fifty-five feet. At the head of these rapids is a large breaker extending from the Canadian shore toward the head of Goat Island, creating a cascade of several feet, and it is apparent that the taking of water from the stream below this cascade will not divert water to any appreciable extent, if at all, from the American channel. Hence, all the power plants now authorized upon the Canadian side to take water to the extent of 32,500 cubic feet per second will not affect the American Fall, but only the Horseshoe Fall.

Three of the suggested plants upon the Canadian side to be situated between Dufferin Islands, which are substantially at the head of the rapids, and Welland River, will take water from the stream above the rapids, and will, therefore, to a greater or less extent affect the American Fall.

The fourth suggested plant, with a capacity of a little upward of 7,000 cubic feet per second, is located below the head of the rapids near the Horseshoe Falls. With the exception of this suggested plant, the river front between the crest of the Horseshoe Falls and the head of the rapids is now entirely occupied for power purposes. It is possible, however, that the capacity of the Electrical Development Company plant can be doubled, this increasing the suggested diversion, affecting the Horseshoe Falls alone to about 18,000 cubic feet per second.

Some detailed figures may here be profitably considered. The average flow of the entire stream being 222,400 cubic feet per second, the amount passing through the American channel will be on the average about 22,000 cubic feet per second, and through the Canadian channel about 200,000 cubic feet per second. The authorized diversion from this latter channel below the head of the rapids is 32,500 cubic feet per second, or about one-sixth of the total average flow. The authorized abstraction is a fixed quantity, while the flow of the river varies, and we must, therefore, take into consideration its minimum flow. Upon the assumed basis of nine-tenths passing through the Canadian channel, the minimum flow is 152,406 cubic feet per second, and of this the authorized diversion is 32,500 cubic feet, or about twenty-one per cent. of the minimum flow. This will be the result when companies with plants now constructed or in process of construction have come into full operation, and a result which cannot be avoided by any known means. It needs no argument to show that this authorized diversion will seriously affect the Horseshoe Falls and make imperative the most strenuous efforts to prevent their further depletion.

The effect of taking water from the river above the head of the rapids cannot be so accurately calculated. The average flow through the American channel upon the assumed basis of one-tenth is about 22,000 cubic feet per second, and at the minimum stage the flow will be about 16,900 cubic feet per second. The entrance to this channel at the head of Goat Island is only a little over 700 feet in width, while the length of the crest of the fall is nearly 1,100 feet. Therefore a slight reduction in the depth of the water at the entrance to the channel will seriously affect the appearance of the volume of water flowing over the crest. No accurate survey of the channels in the river sufficient to determine the effect upon the American Fall of a diversion upon the Canadian side has yet been made. It is certain, however, that even at the minimum flow of the river the appearance of this fall is most seriously affected. But few photographs have been taken at low water. Those in existence demonstrate that the majesty of this fall and of the rapids above it is practically annihilated with the water at the lowest observed stage. Any further abstraction of the water above the head of the rapids must unquestionably, during the lower stages, result in the destruction not only of the beauty but of the sublime power of this most magnificent fall.



THE CHANNEL BETWEEN GOAT ISLAND AND ONE OF THE THREE SISTERS ISLANDS AS IT USUALLY LOOKS

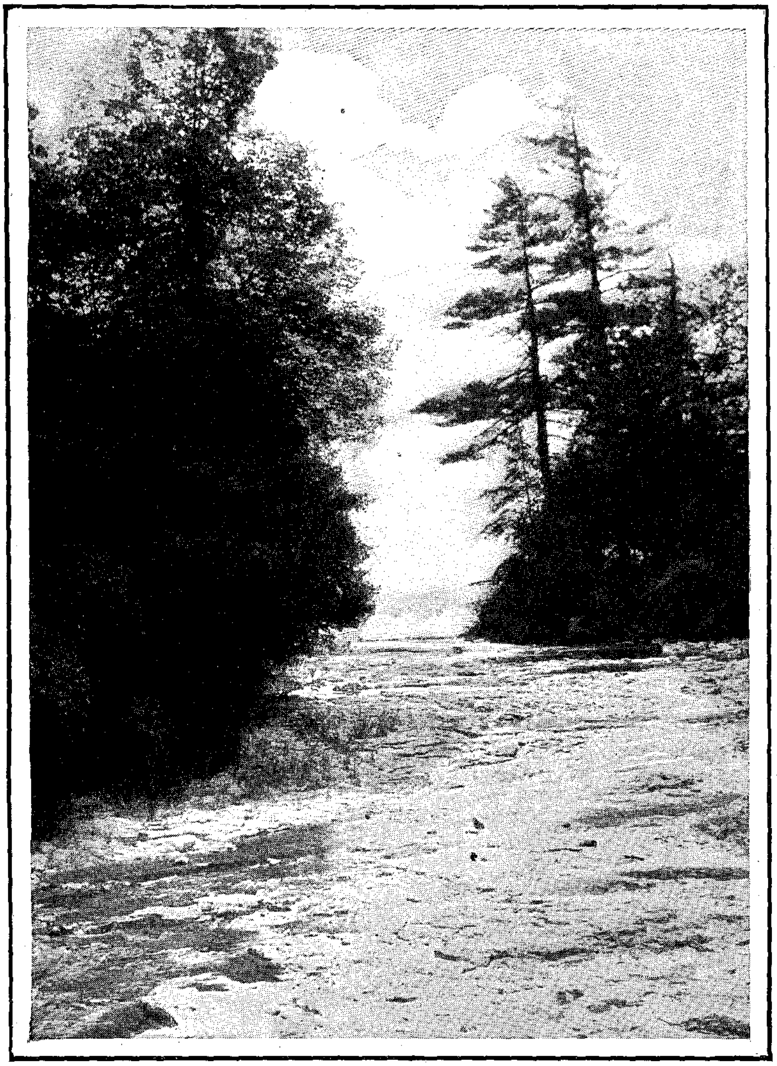
The foregoing review of the actual conditions now existing warrants the following summary:

1. No further diversion of water on the American side below the plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company can be had without occupying the river front within the bounds of the State Reservation, and it is not in the least degree probable that consent for this can be obtained from the Legislature of the State of New York.

2. Additional power plants upon the American side must take their water from the stream above the plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company, which would involve such great expense in carrying water to the gorge below the Falls that capital is not likely to undertake the scheme until the more profitable sites upon the Canadian side are occupied.

3. That there are at least four sites upon the Canadian side below the Welland River where water can be diverted with as favorable financial results as at the plants now existing.

4. That because of these facts further



THE CHANNEL SHOWN IN THE OPPOSITE PICTURE, AT A LOW STAGE OF WATER diversions of water are likely to take place first upon the Canadian side, and for this reason efforts to prevent such diversion must be directed to the Canadian authorities.

In his Message to Congress, December 4, 1905, the President of the United States directs attention to the question now under discussion, and says: "If the State of New York cannot take care of the Falls herself, it is earnestly to be wished that she should be willing to turn it over to the National Government."

This is a startling suggestion, and the source from which it proceeds demands that it receive careful consideration. It is apparent that the State of New York is not likely to turn over whatever rights it may possess to the General Government in order to prevent the State itself from further depleting the waters of the Falls. If it is the desire of the people of the State that the Falls should be preserved so far as possible in at least their present condition, they will undoubtedly continue to refuse to divert the waters, and will not turn over the Falls to the General Government for the mere purpose of preventing themselves from working the devastation. Unquestionably the only power that the State of New York possesses is to refuse to permit further diversion of water on its side of the stream. It cannot in any manner control the diversion on the Canadian side, nor can it enter into any agreement with the Canadian Government that the latter shall prevent further diversions.

It is also apparent that if there is any power to negotiate with the Canadian Government upon this question, it now resides in the General Government; and that any cession from the State of New York to the General Government would not increase that power. It is, therefore, not apparent what practical effect for good would be had by any cession from the State of New York to the General Government, the immediate danger to be guarded against being likely to arise upon the Canadian side. This danger must be prevented by negotiations between the General Government and the Canadian Government; and this gives rise to the question what power the two Governments in conjunction may have over the entire question. Niagara River is an international boundary, and in point of law a navigable stream its entire length; and the Federal Government already has the right of jurisdiction over it, and has exercised such right. With the lakes it is an international highway, so made by the Ordinance of 1787, establishing the Northwest Territory, and by treaty with Great Britain; and as such the National Government is bound to protect it. This was made very clear by Judge A. K. Potter, one of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara, in his able argument before the International Waterways Commission on the 14th of last September. The upper river is practically navigable from Port Day, at the upper end of the State Reservation, to Lake Erie. The water cannot be lowered on one side without lowering it on the other; and Judge Potter argued that the people of both countries could require their National Governments to maintain its level. If the Federal Government requires its consent, as it has required it in the past for the building of a boom, or winged dam, in the Niagara River, to protect the intakes of the power companies from ice, it certainly would seem as if its consent could be made a condition precedent to the diversion of the water itself, and that by a treaty between the two Governments all further diversions of water could be prevented.

The possession of the State Reservation by the General Government would simply authorize it to refuse diversion along this water front, as the State of New York may now refuse. Such ownership would not add in the slightest to the power of the General Government to prevent the diversion of the water from an international highway. These suggestions seem to make it plain that any cession from the State of New York to the Federal Government would not add in the slightest to the protection of the Falls, since it would confer no power on the General Government which it does not already possess.

I have thus far assumed that the State

of New York would not permit any diversion of the water below Port Day or within the limits of the State Reservation. It must, however, be confessed that such permission is legally possible, since it may be given by the Legislature. For twenty years the Commissioners of the Reservation have wielded all their power against every attempt to invade the limits of their jurisdiction, and thus far have been completely successful. Not a drop of Niagara is diverted from the river within the Reservation for commercial purposes, and it is to the credit of the entire State that twenty years ago it drew a cordon around the Falls within its jurisdiction and that portion of the river reaching to Port Day, and that cordon has been a dead line which no individual or corporation with designs upon the majesty of the cataract has been allowed to pass. It does not seem morally possible that this policy could be changed, but it would be a wise safeguard were a constitutional amendment adopted prohibiting further diversion of water, and such an amendment I deem it the clear duty of the Legislature to submit to the people of the State at the earliest practicable moment. Such an amendment was recommended by a committee in the Constitutional Convention of 1894, but the Convention refused to adopt it. The present situation was clearly foreseen by the late Andrew H. Green, for many years President of the Commissioners, who in every possible way gave his great influence to the protection of the Falls, not only in the work of the Commission but in the Constitutional Convention. The situation, however, was not as well understood then as now, as may be seen from the fact that the Legislature of 1904 adopted a joint resolution memorializing the President of the United States to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain to prevent further diversion of water. There can be but little doubt that if the Legislature would submit to the people the suggested amendment it would be ratified by the popular vote.

As an evidence of good faith in dealing with the authorities controlling the river upon the Canadian side, and also for the purpose of bringing to bear a moral pressure of great weight, it is desirable not only that such an amendment to the State Constitution be proposed and adopted, but also that the Congress of the United States should pass an act forbidding further diversion of water from the river within American boundaries above the Falls.

The situation, then, as it appears to the writer, may be recapitulated as follows:

1. The authorized diversion of the waters of the Niagara River, when exercised to its full extent, will seriously but not wholly impair the Falls.

2. That further suggested diversion should be prevented, if possible.

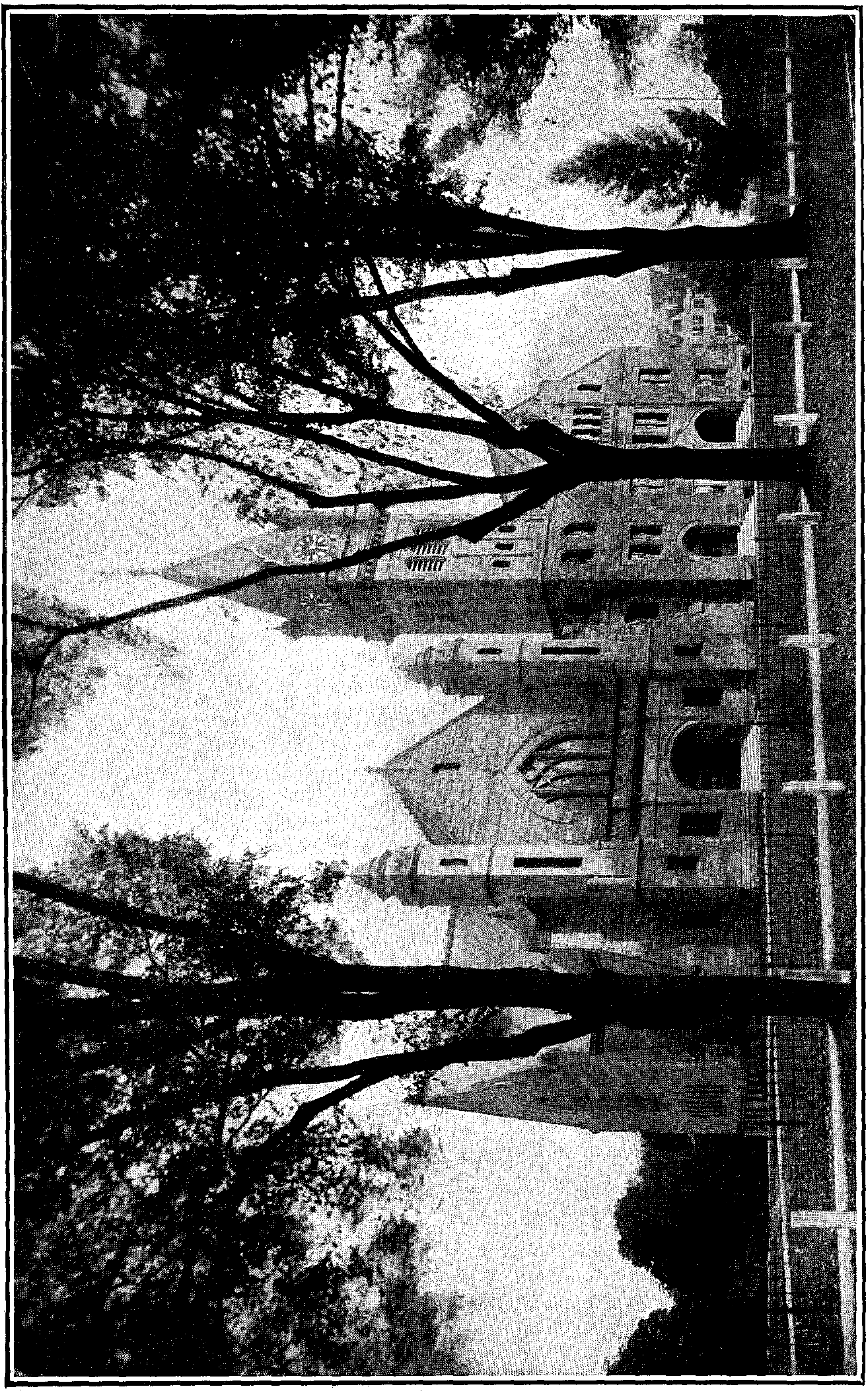
3. That the transfer of the State Reservation at Niagara Falls from the State of New York to the Federal Government would be valueless as a remedy against the proposed evil.

4. That this diversion can be absolutely prevented by the joint action of the Government of the United States and the proper British authorities.

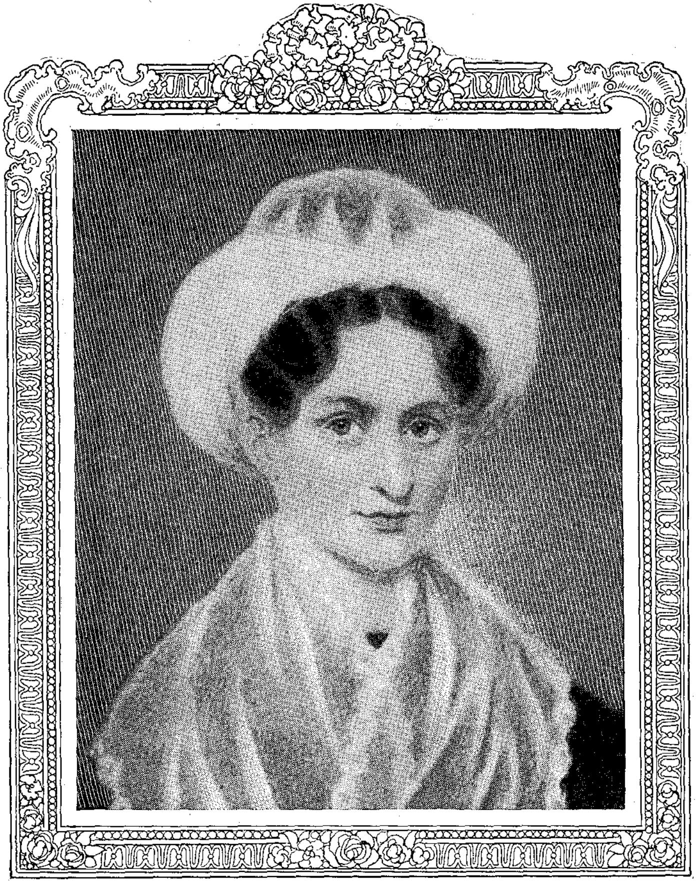
5. That it is desirable that the Legislature of the State of New York should revoke all charters for the diversion of water under which operations have not been commenced in good faith.

6. That an amendment to the Constitution of the State should be adopted providing for the perpetual protection of the waters of Niagara River.

7. That the Congress of the United States should exercise at once all the powers it may possess to prevent such diversion.



MARY LYON HALL, THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING



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MARY LYON

The Founder of Mount Holyoke College

From a miniature portrait

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

A STUDY IN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

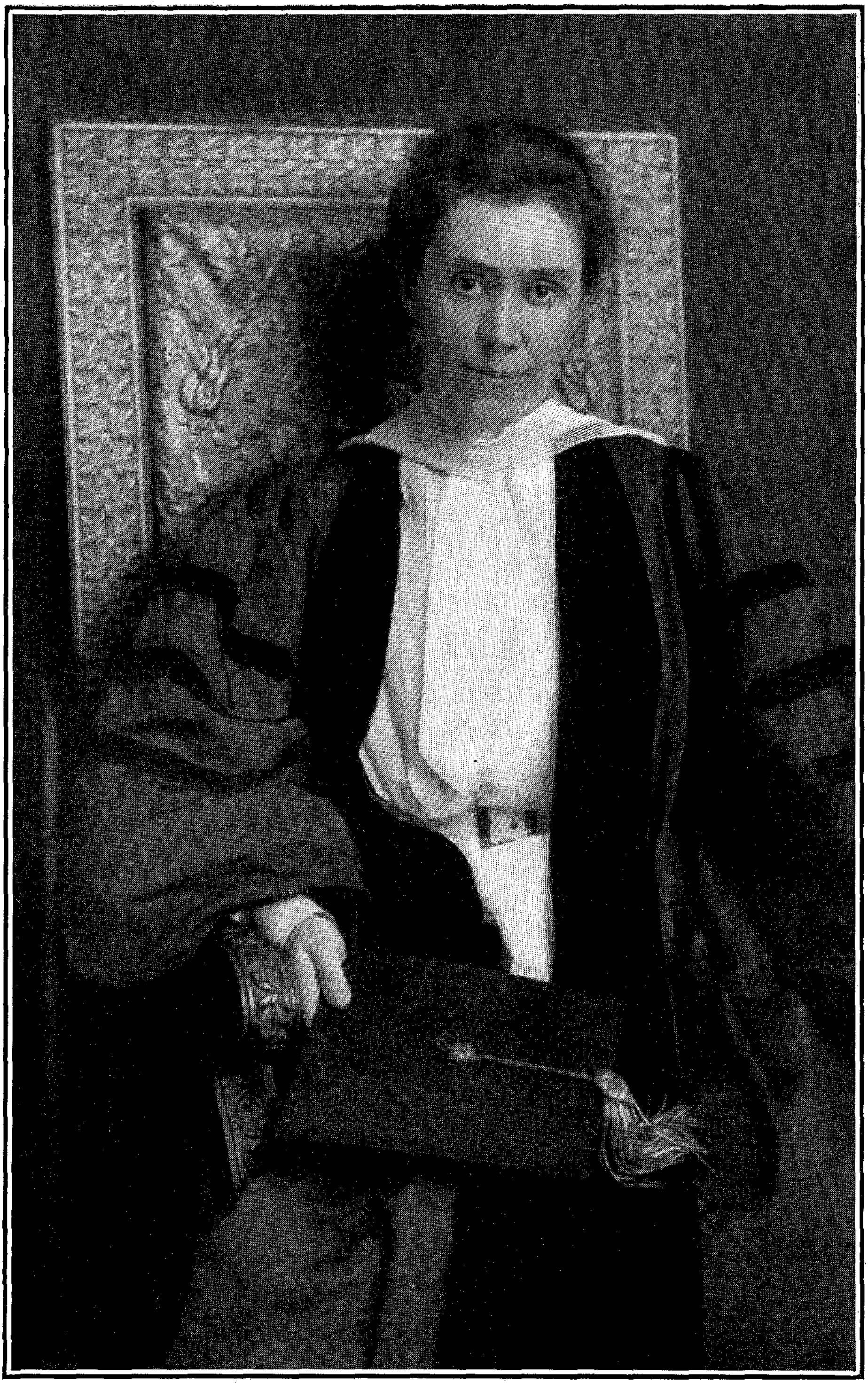
BY JEANNETTE MARKS

AT Gloucester in the last decade of the eighteenth century a resolution was passed that two hours out of the eight hours of daily instruction be devoted to girls, "as they are a tender and interesting branch of the community, but have been much neglected in the public schools in this town"—indeed, much neglected up to that time in every town. In the New England tradition education had been looked upon as a necessity; it had seemed to men a fundamental condition for right living. Behind an ineradicably democratic spirit, never at all general in the South, lay Puritan conviction not only of the worth of an individual soul, but also of the importance of a man's knowledge and thought, for which training was provided in the common school.

Two hundred years after the establishment of Harvard College there was no college for women, who were still reckoned largely according to their economic value in the community, a necessity in Colonial days, but, with greater internal resources, more service at command, and the advent of the factory, ceasing to be such a necessity. The father who considered his daughter's education as important as his son's for the welfare of the family was then unknown; the father who put his son to work and gave his daughter the distinctively literary training would have seemed to our seventeenth and eighteenth century ancestors derelict—as it may be he really would be. The men of a family, according to good English usage, bore the responsibilities of culture; now these responsibilities are often in the keeping of mother and sister and daughter. Before the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century but few efforts had been made to give women even the rudiments of education—reading and writing, if need be—efforts which may be designated as fairly unsuccessful.

The royal founding of Mount Holyoke, two hundred years from the date of Harvard's establishment, lay in the generous, undaunted heart of a woman. It had, in common with the greater institutions for men, New England traditions of piety, learning, sturdiness, and the best qualities of good New England blood. Previous to this there had been Dame Schools, mothers' helpers, so to speak, for very little children; academies which prepared boys for college, sometimes admitting girls for an hour or so, or, as in the instance of South Byfield and other academies, being co-educational; and the public schools, which had made, in general, no adequate provision for this "tender and interesting branch of the community." The movement for the higher education of women began about 1820 with the Rev. Joseph Emerson at Byfield. Later came the Emma Willard School, still a school in excellent standing, and the Catharine Beecher Seminary at Hartford, which was given up with the removal of Miss Beecher to the West. In the South there were several early efforts towards the higher education of women; these schools, prosperous till the time of the Civil War, have since then deteriorated. It was for Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, to solve the problem of a school for young women which should not be the plaything of circumstance. Mary Lyon's ideal was to establish a *permanent, endowed* institution, which was "designed to be furnished with every advantage that the state of education in this country will allow." This was no idle castle-building on her part, for the robust, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired, blue-eyed young woman knew the hard facts to be faced with any such scheme in mind. As early as 1814 she had begun her teaching career at seventy-five cents a week and "boarded round;" she taught up and down the Connecticut Valley, was well known, well liked, and in great demand. All her experience but made her realize more fully how far short the opportunities for girls fell of the substantial education which she had in mind. Limited, naturally, by the times, hers was, nevertheless, a collegiate ideal, as the clause in the first circular of the school reveals: "We intend it to be like our colleges, so valuable that the rich will be glad to attend it, and so economical that people in moderate circumstances may be equally accommodated." As in all colleges of that day and of to-day, Holyoke students then, as well as now, received more than that for which they paid. Her object, too, was the highest object of the highest education: to meet public and not private wants—to serve the country. The opening curriculum exceeded in advancement and breadth of subject any courses offered in any schools elsewhere; it included, among other studies, logic, moral philosophy, ancient and modern history, and the natural sciences *taught according to the laboratory method.* At the time Harvard was, I think, the only other institution teaching science in this fashion. But it was the first entrance requirements that caused the most serious flutter. The "young ladies," not unlike other young ladies of to-day, were in despair at such high requirements; to enter Mount Holyoke they were obliged to pass in arithmetic, geography, history, English grammar, and Watts "On the Mind"—especially Watts "On the Mind." Nevertheless, the second year four hundred applicants were turned away because there was not room to accommodate them, and from that day to this the demands have been in excess of room at the institution's command.

The Seminary opened its doors in



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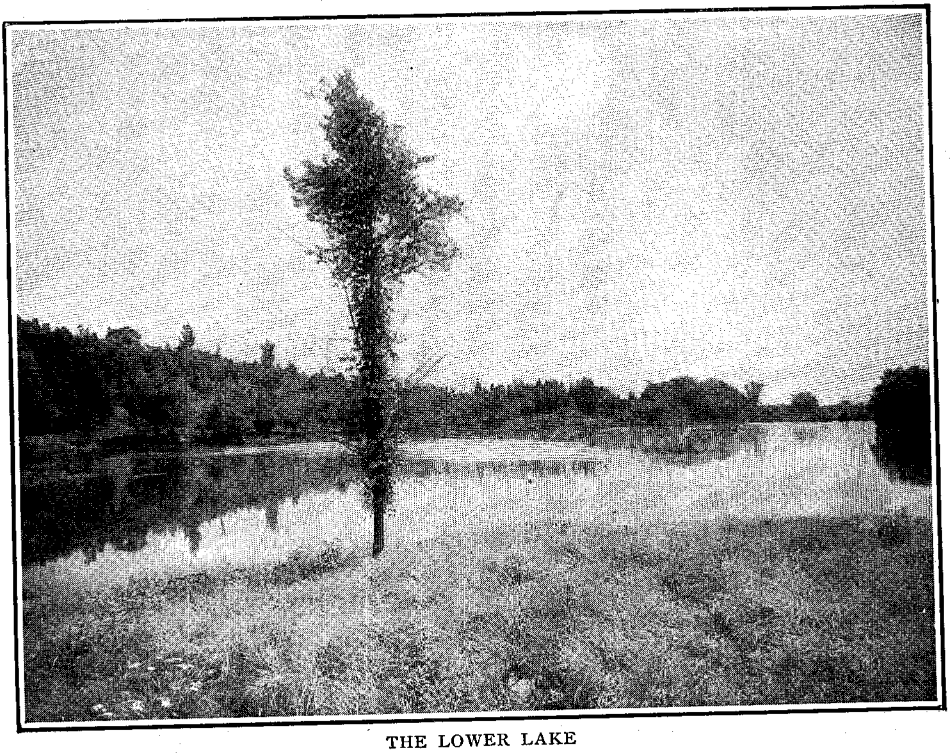
MISS MARY E. WOOLLEY
President of Mount Holyoke College

THE COLLEGE BROOK



THE LOWER LAKE

1837; fifty-one years later it became Mount Holyoke Seminary and College, and in 1893 was chartered as a college only. For several years previous to the opening, Mary Lyon had faced the problem of collecting an endowment. She met with opposition, indifference, even discourtesy; but she met with friends, too. One good gentleman, a minister at Cummington, gave up his pastorate, unblessed by his congregation for so doing, and became Mary Lyon's agent in soliciting funds. "Pa" Hawks, as the students named him, held a new—perhaps to call it old would be more apt—argument in favor of the higher education of women: he thought that, as woman had been the occasion of the fall, she ought to have the highest possible education to undo the ill effects of the fatal apple. Here is another argument against the present opponents of the higher education, invincible this time, for man has never been known to contest the apple. In sums ranging from six cents, in three cases, upwards, they collected $27,000 for the first building, an amount representing eighteen hundred subscribers. Deacon Safford, a prosperous Boston merchant, was one of the early promoters of the institution. He repeated his first gift, $500, a generous sum for those days, many times, and he considered his investment, as did many of Mount Holyoke's friends, the best he had ever made; for, he said, there was "no depreciation in the stock; it yields the largest dividends."

The early hall, built, as its founder wished, of the best material, provided with the best plumbing and heating the times could give, nevertheless, in Puritan wise, made but little of the outer aspect. Yet, as in the case of a New England church, it had a character of its own, quaint and not unattractive. To-day the seventeen main buildings form a unified impression uncommon among our American colleges—buildings, largely English Collegiate and Tudor in style, divided into two campuses: the residential and the academic. Some of these buildings seem a part of the earth in which they stand—than this unity there is no severer architectural test. Even the newest comes as gracefully from the turf as if it were kin to its neighbors the pines. Of the ugliest possibility on the grounds—the power-house smoke-stack—John Ruskin would not have been ashamed. The grounds, a third of a square mile in extent, show modified English traditions of learning in buildings, lawns, parks, ordered groves, driveways, little streams and lakes. From "Prospect," which rises two hundred feet at the edge of the lower college lake, may be seen two ranges of hills, green in spring, with the gray of rocks showing through the delicate feather of budding leaves; deep green and dark blue in summer, with wide flumes of shadow between the valley hills; red and gold and brown in autumn; white in winter, with the pines scattered here and there and the soft fringe of leafless trees along the summits; above, the vivid blue of a winter sky. Through the cut of the Connecticut River between these two valley ranges lies a wide upland of blue hills stretching away towards Cummington, Little Switzerland, and the girlhood home of Mary Lyon, two thousand feet above sea-level. It is all not only a scene of meditative beauty, a place of wonderment, the hills trailing into blue distance, but also a scene of indescribable richness, luxuriance, fertility. The Connecticut Valley is one of the most fertile valleys in the country, with no hint of the sterile, rock-ribbed pastures of Massachusetts. In its garden aspect it resembles much of the English hill country. As with Wordsworth, love of nature has led to love of man and a keen sense of the immanence of the divine—

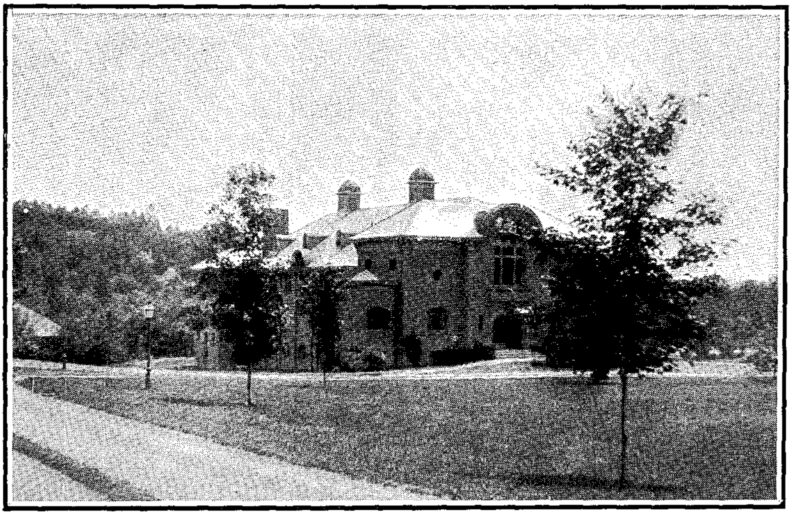
"a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

The careers of many of the women who have gone forth from Mount Holyoke have been characterized by reverence for the divine in the world about them, love for their fellow-beings and a desire to serve them, just such a spirit of worship and devotion as mountain solitude since time was has bred among people. From this valley these women have followed duty into the crowded and the evil places of the world, to remember with refreshment this bountiful life of nature, sun and moon and stars, the cool latticed light of ferny pathways, to hear in retrospect the whispering blades of grass, the bees bustling in the flowers, to love nature's various music and all the windage of the hills; to see again the checkering of light and shade on mountain-side and on lake and stream, and the colors of nature's coverlids,

> "Gold tinted like the peach
> Or ripe October's faded marigolds,"

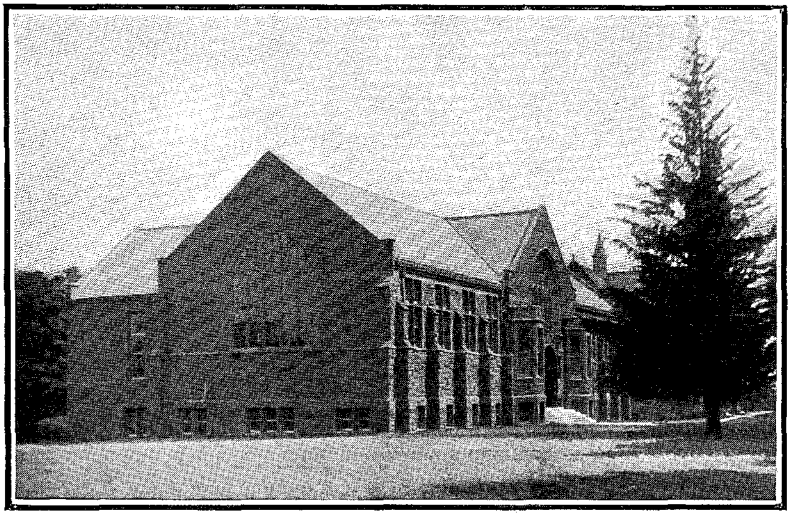
and to feel, as Keats did, sleep filled with the soft sound of water and with moonlight.

To live in so beautiful a world makes for the healthiness of body and soul, it contributes to a fuller, purer womanhood as well as manhood. The alumnæ mothers, thinking of the health-giving out-of-door world as well as of other influences, send their children to Mount Holyoke. One mother's greatest sorrow was that she could not send her sons there as well as all her daughters. Undoubtedly, if those boys had come, they would have been met with the hospitality characteristic of the college. Still, it might have been necessary for them to behave rather well. I have heard one boy, now a distinguished elderly gentleman, tell how, while visiting the Seminary, he made a raid upon the cookies in the kitchen when he thought "teacher" was not looking, and received a wholly unexpected blessing. There were two things Mary Lyon announced, with a twinkle in her eye, the "young ladies" were not to do while at Mount Holyoke: one was break the fire regulations, the other kill themselves. If they insisted upon killing themselves, she continued, then they would better go home and die in the arms of their dear mothers. The early school had much ill health to combat, for the poor health of the women of the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth century is something appalling as one looks back from the robust womanhood of the present. One physician of the first quarter of the nineteenth century said that not one woman in ten enjoyed complete health. It was Mary Lyon's aim to correct this; and so well did she succeed in making a beginning that if there is anything the matter with nine-tenths of the present college students they do not know it. They are so busy with walking, basket-ball, hockey, snow-shoeing, and skeeing, that they do not spend time in imagining ills they have not. One has to read the psychological tracts of faddists before one is fully aware of the lugubrious, anæmic straits to which, these tracts say, college girls are reduced.


THE GYMNASIUM

The antidote to this deplorable condition of educated womanhood which the psychologists advocate, critics to the contrary, Holyoke has never possessed. She has never had any teaching or system of domestic science. The founder had most uncommon good sense: she had no notion of relieving mothers and home life of their duties. Mary Lyon wrote: "I have no faith in any of the schemes of manual labor by which it is supposed that girls can support themselves at school. I should expect anything of that kind would become an expense rather than an income." There was in the old days no service to be obtained in South Hadley, and, too, it made the expenses somewhat less for the students to do a little household work. At first seventy minutes for each student covered all the work that was required; now an average of less than thirty minutes is sufficient. Although the writer thinks even thirty minutes daily for four years might be more advantageously spent in golf, in skeeing, or at a concert, yet the prescribed domestic work has its advantages. It maintains a level of admirable democracy; it is good for the rich girl; it does no harm to the poor girl who is accustomed to more than is required at college. It creates a certain helpful, unselfish, friendly spirit. Personally, I enjoyed myself immensely as a Freshman at Wellesley during the last year of domestic work at that college, when I sold ink and mucilage on a sliding scale, an experience which seems to me now in retrospect even more valuable than a condition. At Holyoke all the heavy work is done by servants; no student is allowed in the kitchen; practically the flourish of duster and pen describes the arc of domestic duties.

"Everything I do is such a privilege!" exclaimed the Founder; and I am certain that the old girls thought the dusting and bedmaking, or "just taking a step from the fourth floor down to the basement," part of an idyllic scheme for their advancement. There was no satiety then to dull the eyes and stuff the minds with a sense of indifference, nor is there now. One old alumna writes that not even the side step in calisthenics had proved useless to her; doubtless she has come upon the day of the automobile, and we all know the joys of the "side step" nowadays. Eager is the word that characterized the mind of the Founder, and eager is the word that marks the spirit of the present college. Fifty years before its actual inclusion in the curriculum Mary Lyon was seeking a way to provide Hebrew. Seventy years ago, when there were no standards for the education of women, Mary Lyon set a standard which in its broad purpose is not yet realized. The Founder would have resented indignantly any attempt to limit her mind between the covers of a book, that mind which could master the contents of a



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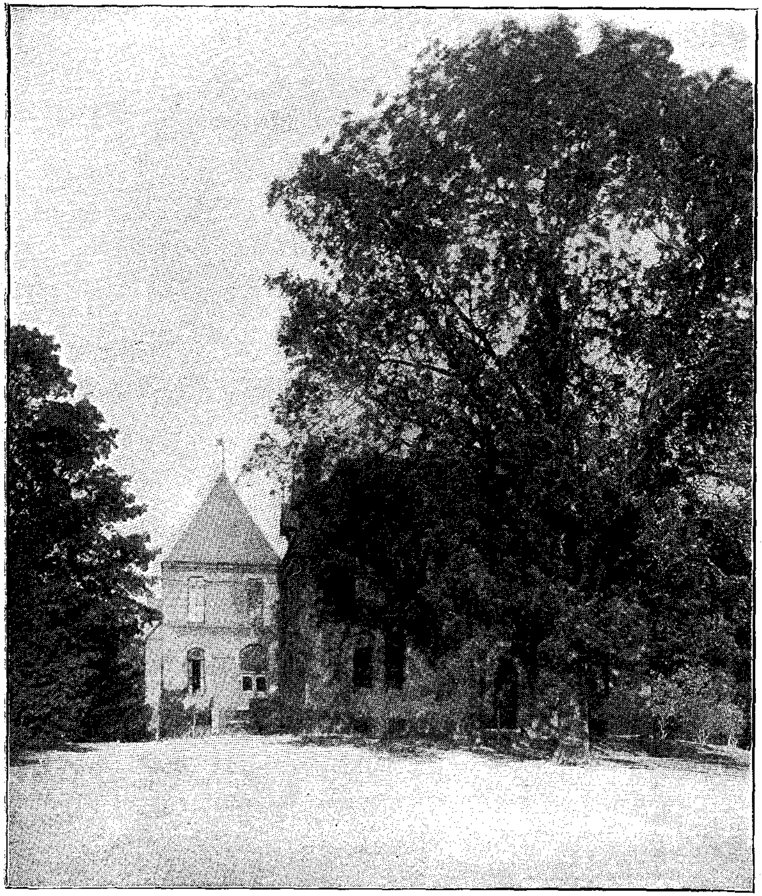
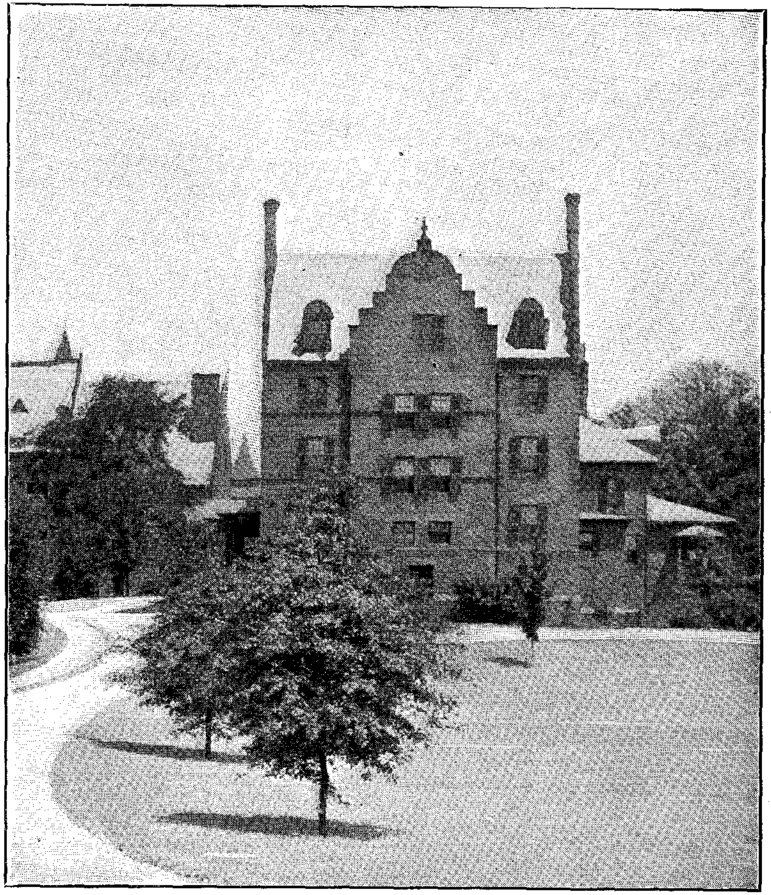


WILLISTON HALL
One of the science buildings



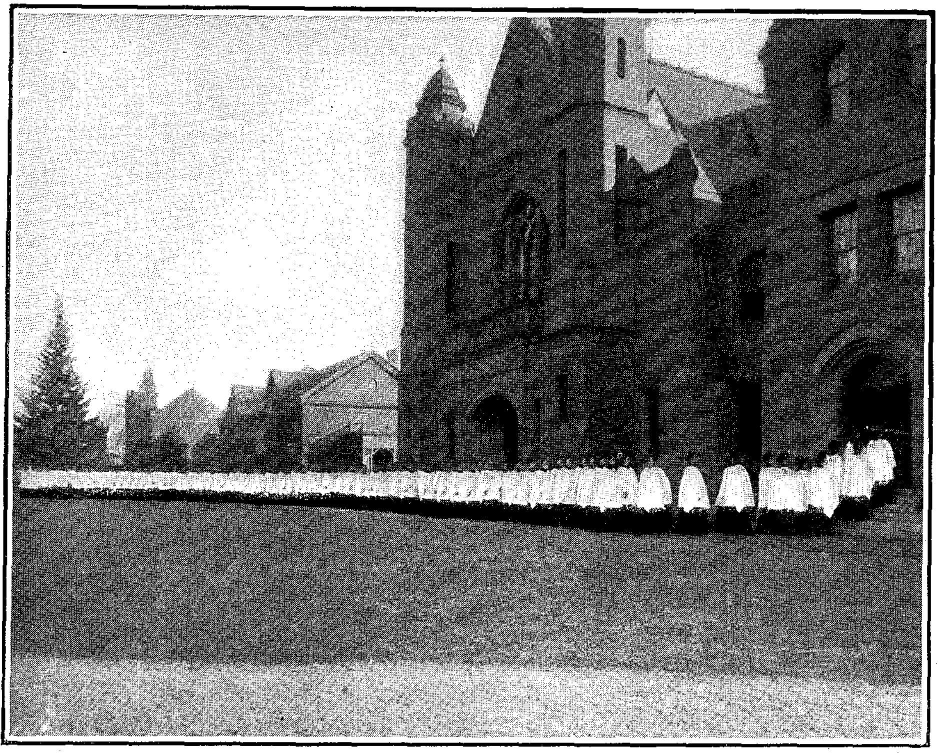
MARY BRIGHAM HALL
A dormitory

Latin grammar in four days. The textbooks used then and at present are merely adjunctive. In texts obstacles are at a minimum; and at Holyoke obstacles are highly prized, such obstacles as force the "young ladies" to the unhappy necessity of doing their own thinking. The lecture system, too, is at a minimum; I have noticed that as long as the lecturer continues to lecture, and the absorbent heads continue to wag, and the fountain pens continue to spurt, students have a sense of comfortable superiority. The thrust direct is the simple question to the individual student; and such a method is thoroughly hygienic, for it prevents, on the part of the students who are trying to answer, the feeling of an overcrowded brain.

Mary Lyon believed that the Christian spirit is a quickener of mental power. If the beauty of word and beauty of thought in the Bible are any evidence, then, indeed, it must be! Her own English, although marked by some of the cant phrases of the time, was singularly pure, graphic, direct, cadenced. And from laughter to tears she had the power of speech. But what the "Christian spirit" did for Mary Lyon was to make her service as a teacher incorruptible—I do not say faultless; and from her the college has derived an ideal in teaching which has nothing to do with "trade," and which sets no value upon the intellectual adventurer however brilliant, however likely to succeed in climbing the ladder of high place. "Never teach immortal minds for money," said the Founder, and certainly she did not; the average instructor in the College to-day receives five times as much as Mary Lyon did as President. Teaching as a service has been the aim of the College; and from the first Holyoke has had an enviable record in making good teachers of her students, students who have taught the world over with the courage, the self-sacrifice of pioneers, in this country, in Persia, Turkey, South Africa, the Transvaal, in Spain, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in Japan, where they were the first to provide for the higher education of Japanese students. Holyoke has, indeed, been the "Mother of Schools," and, to count only the colleges, there are five which owe their origin directly to her.

The Connecticut Valley might better be called the Valley of Colleges, for up and down its river are Amherst, Williams, Smith, Trinity, and Yale. Such a segregation makes unusual intellectual opportunities possible in interchange of lecturers, instructors, entertainments. And the whole country is a laboratory for observation work, from the monster, whose cacophonous name I have forgotten, who accommodatingly planted his extraordinary feet on the Connecticut Valley river bed, to the spring display of living birds which would make an unprincipled milliner wild with greed. It is, too, not only a valley of colleges, but also a manufacturing valley, which offers unusual laboratories for economic and sociological studies.

The members of the Faculty of the Mount Holyoke of to-day represent a high degree of advanced work; they come from the graduate schools of almost all the universities in this country and from many abroad. Merely the new appointments for the year 1904–1905 include degrees from Barnard, Vassar, University of Chicago, University of Michigan, University of Berlin, University of Paris, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Columbia University, University of Cambridge, England, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and Yale University. In 1837 the Faculty was represented by a principal, an associate principal, two teachers, three pupil assistants; in 1896 there were thirty-eight teachers, with seven library and laboratory assistants; in 1905 there were twenty professors of full standing, men and women; nine associates, thirty-five instructors, twelve assistants and readers, and an administrative staff of twenty-four, including the president, registrar, secretaries, and stenographers. Mount Holyoke, together with other colleges, offers a large number of electives; there is a slightly greater demand in required work, the proportion of required studies to electives being somewhat higher than in other colleges of equal standing. There are about thirty-five undergraduate scholarships, and there are four full fellowships for graduate work. Each year senior honors



THE COLLEGE CHOIR

are conferred on two candidates and sophomore honors on four students. In addition to these distinctly academic honors, Mount Holyoke has a Phi Beta Kappa Charter, granted in 1904. Out of six hundred and seventy-four students for the year 1905, twenty students came with advanced standing from other colleges, and in the residence list twenty-five States and three foreign countries were represented.

In the class-room a great deal of individual work is done; the classes and laboratory sections are kept small, so that the work of each student may receive careful attention. Of necessity there are some large lecture divisions, but, on the whole, there is an approach to the tutor system which Princeton is now introducing. From the beginning the students have never been led to think that their acquirement could be or was remarkable; they are taught how to study and shown the wide country before them, and, in their modesty, I think the general tendency is to underestimate what they know. There is rigid opposition to the modern commercializing of college work, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the all-sufficiency of the extreme intellectualists who think acquirement, *per se*, the end. Learning as a "trade" is discountenanced, not only by the staff, but also by the administration. Study as a preparation for right living, for life usefulness, the establishment of high ideals, is the aim of the College. Such a purpose could not be maintained were it not for the traditions of Holyoke and the untroubled unity among its present Faculty.

From early days the College has been more than ordinarily well equipped for scientific training, and the students particularly eager, for reasons connected with the special fitness of the staff and their own personnel, for this work. Now the humanities are coming into their own—history, philosophy, literature, art; and this is well in the present day and generation, for three reasons—the character of the times, the personality of the students, and the probable future demands to be made on most of the girls.

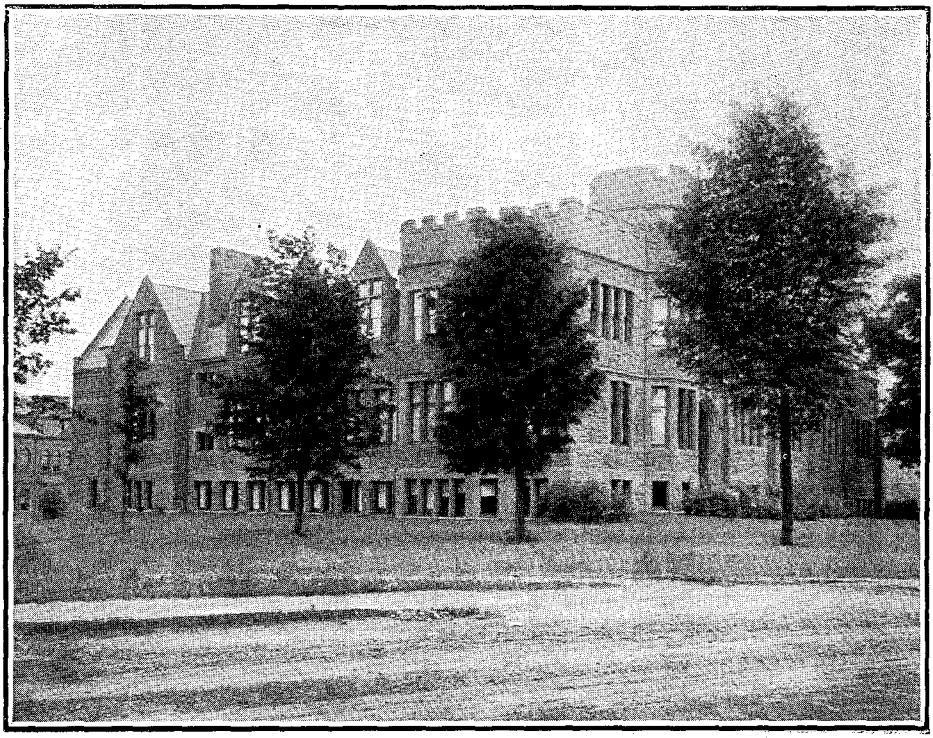
For myself, I believe the idealizing faculty may prove, in the well-ordered life, under some circumstances, an even greater gift than scientific knowledge. Let students once realize that beauty of expression is in a manner essentially practical, and they will put it to use; their houses, where they make homes, will have in them only attractive and useful objects; they will light a cleansing bonfire with all the vulgar rubbish, cheap decoration, which usually goes by the name of furnishings. A book, a picture, interprets history; it fills the mind with memories that remain to uplift, to purify, to strengthen. If ever there was one, the educated American woman of to-day is an individuality; she is practical, self-reliant, capable—which is all very well. On the other hand, she has been accused (and justly, I think) of lacking in sympathy, imagination, refinement. And I would suggest that it may be a direct duty in the course of our education to develop sympathy and imagination; for not only will they lead to deeper personal experience, but also to a greater love for country and a finer sense of the universality of men and nations.

I do not know of any students who, in the long run, are more likely to love "the principle of beauty in all things" than those at Holyoke. Their morale is excellent; they have come to college for work, and they work; they are desirous of the best; they have turned as eagerly to the world of letters and art as to their opportunities in science; they are high-minded in their studies, upright, trustworthy, courteous. I have never known an appeal to them as gentlewomen, an appeal to their honor, their sense of right, to fail of generous response. Lacking in judgment they may be, as students old as well as young often are, but I have not found them lacking in honesty. The system at Holyoke has always been an "honor" system. Even in the old days, when "discipline" was a more common feature than it is now, Mary Lyon's severest rebuke ended with a gentle, "Now you won't do it again, dear, will you?" It might be written of the majority of students who have gone in and out of Holyoke's doors, *Mens sibi conscia recti.* In the early days there was no espionage; students reported upon themselves, poor dears! and thereby, I fear, lost much wicked pleasure which in other places has come to some of us. Mary Lyon had an especial liking for the "lively girls," for, she asserted, if rightly directed they did the best work. However, she watched these "lively girls" carefully, and was heard to remark that some young ladies who were harmless oxygen and nitrogen by themselves, if brought together made nicotine and strychnine. The early influence was against class feeling; the students were considered as a unit. Since then great class feeling, so harmful all over the college world, has arisen. Now Mount Holyoke is swinging back to the old ideal, and the social center of the life is to be a general college society. The unity of the undergraduates is shown in the unusual success of their Christian Association work, in the educational extension work the Settlement Chapter is doing in the valley, and in no other way better, I think, than in the Mount Holyoke choir, numbering one hundred and eighty students. An English lady who was asked what had impressed her most in America replied, "The mammoth trees of California and the vested choir of Mount Holyoke College."

In conclusion, no history is without its mistakes, without features which may well be criticised. If Mount Holyoke was provincial in her early days, it was at least with the best provincialism of idealistic New England, a heritage no more to be despised than the early laws of Athens or the severities of Sparta. If she erred, she erred Puritan-wise, in loss of perspective, in failure to distinguish between the minor essentials and the major essentials. Some of the records of the old days show, too, the over-anxiety of the Puritan conscience; it may be that the emphasis nowadays is too much on the value of work regardless of the "still, small voice." Then also it must be said, I think, that the old students were taught to look upon life somewhat as a burden, a cross to be borne. This extreme, prevailing in early seminary days, prevailed, too, at Dr. Thomas Arnold's Rugby. Our present life, as something almost wholly joyous and to be made almost wholly beautiful for others as well as for ourselves, is a very modern conception. It is the spiritual evidence of an age in many other respects sordidly commercial.

The best of the old ideals are still intact to-day. The aim of the College is preparation for service, the development of a woman physically, mentally, spiritually. It is upon efficient service rather than upon pleasing accomplishments that the emphasis lies, with the happy result that the faddishness of the higher education for women has scarcely touched Holyoke. Miss Lyon, who said that she thought it exceedingly doubtful whether she should ever see heaven, went on cheerfully preparing the best daughters, sisters, wives, teachers, she could, whose qualities she herself possessed pre-eminently—piety, good health, and a merry heart. In an absolutely non-sectarian spirit she applied the truths of the Bible to every-day life.

Two women have met quietly, nobly, the opposition and indifference attending every considerable movement for human betterment—Mary Lyon in founding the Seminary, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead in the shifting from Collegiate Seminary to College in full. President Woolley, coming into the heritage of their work, continuing the traditions of the culture of heart and intellect in which Holyoke was established, is making for the College a high place among modern institutions. In the best sense of the word Mount Holyoke is a public institution dependent upon the public; it was founded by and has been continued in widely distributed public benevolence; it has received several large bequests, but the aggregate of its smaller bequests has been larger. In this day of extraordinary individual endowments we have the spectacle of a college whose strength is not in *one* purse but in the loyal generosity of a wide public of alumnæ and friends who are aware of their responsibility and who take it up gladly because they feel that Mount Holyoke has unfitted women for just one thing—idle society life.



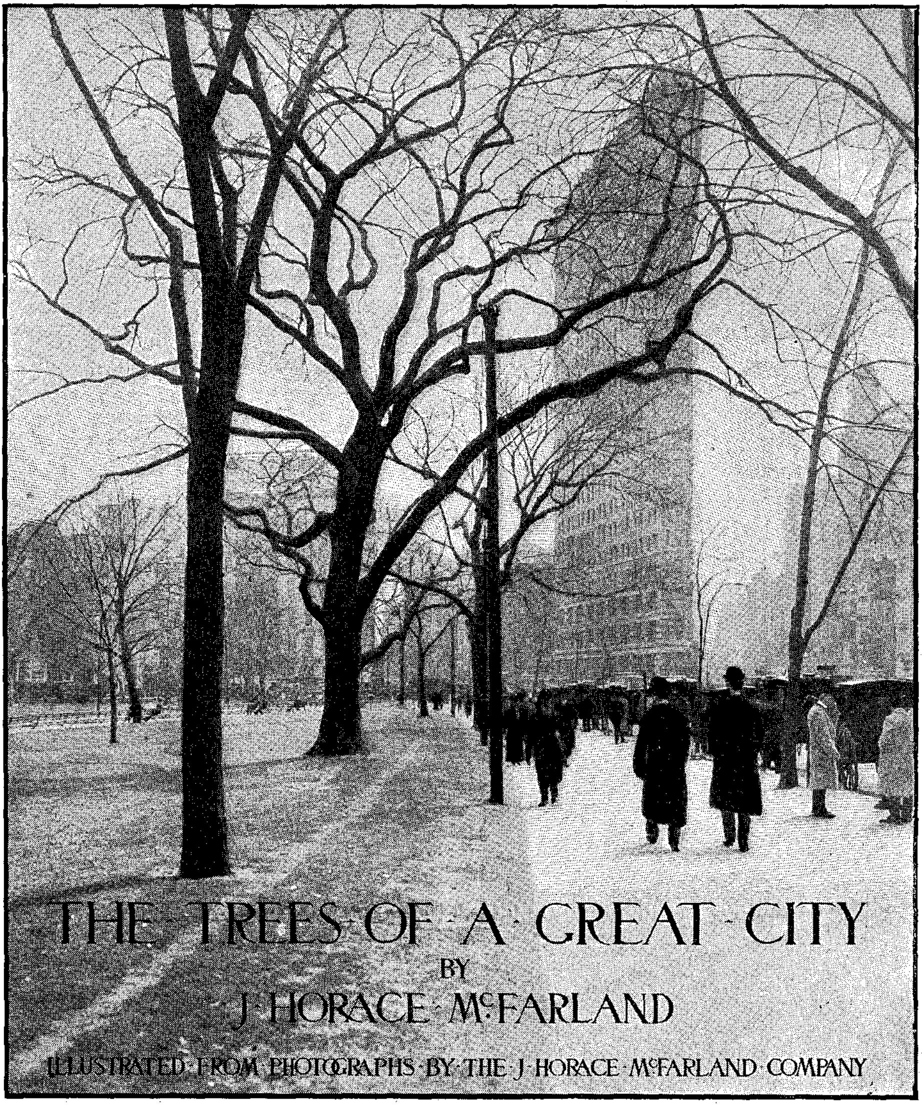
THE DWIGHT MEMORIAL ART BUILDING

THE TREES OF A GREAT CITY

BY

J HORACE McFARLAND

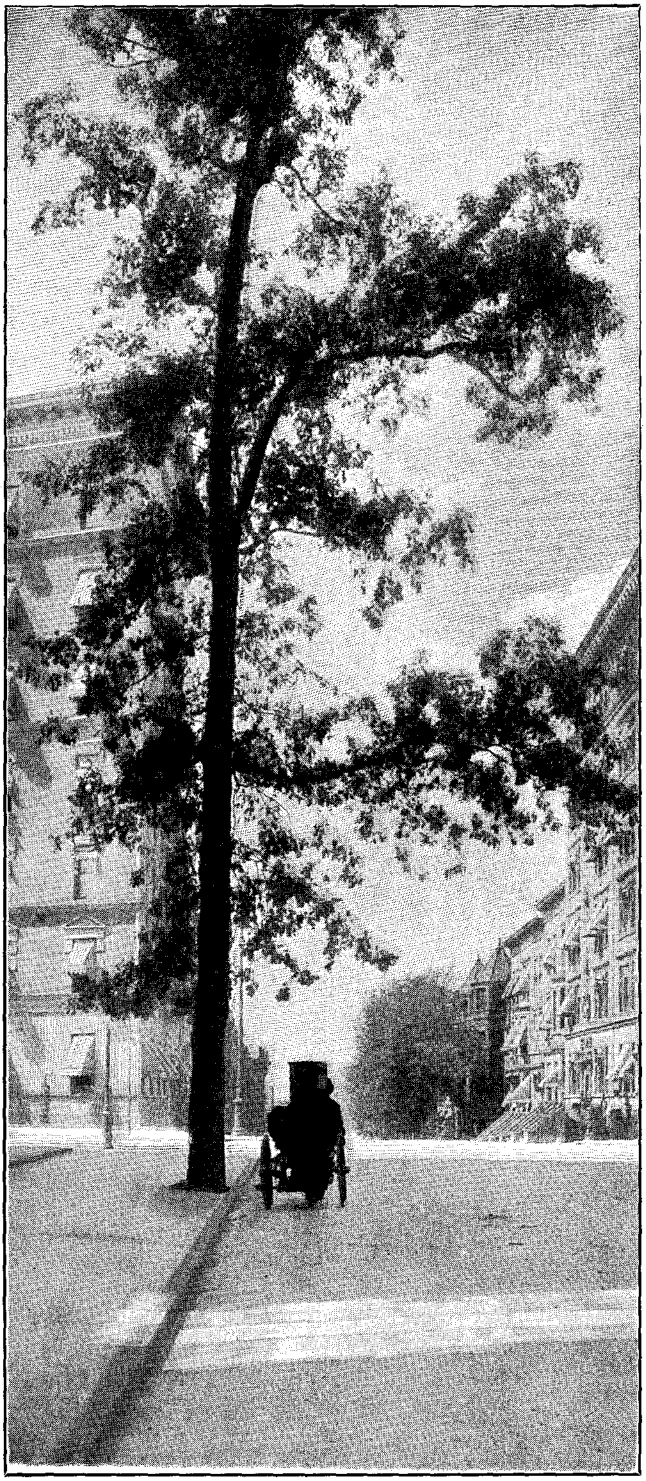
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE J HORACE McFARLAND COMPANY



THE ELMS IN MADISON SQUARE

NOT long ago, speaking of the destruction in Philadelphia of the great Lippincott Elm, for generations a landmark of the famous "Yellow Mansion" which now gives way to a sky-scraper, the Governor of Pennsylvania said to me, "You know there are no trees permitted to live now in great cities." I had to deny such knowledge on my part, and with gladness, for I knew no great city without its great trees; and the greatest of them all, the greater New York, is notable for its persisting trees along its thronged highways, as well as for those included within its Bronx boundaries. Even Philadelphia, with its City Hall monstrosity, its splendid people, and its gridiron street system, has left some few fine old trees, and many avenues of lusty young poplars and maples, sycamores and pin-oaks.

The trees of old New York, the old Dutch town, have long fascinated me. Though not a resident of the metropolis, many tendrils of my business life are interwoven with its streets, and I have grown, in passing years of incidental observation, to love it and to believe in it.



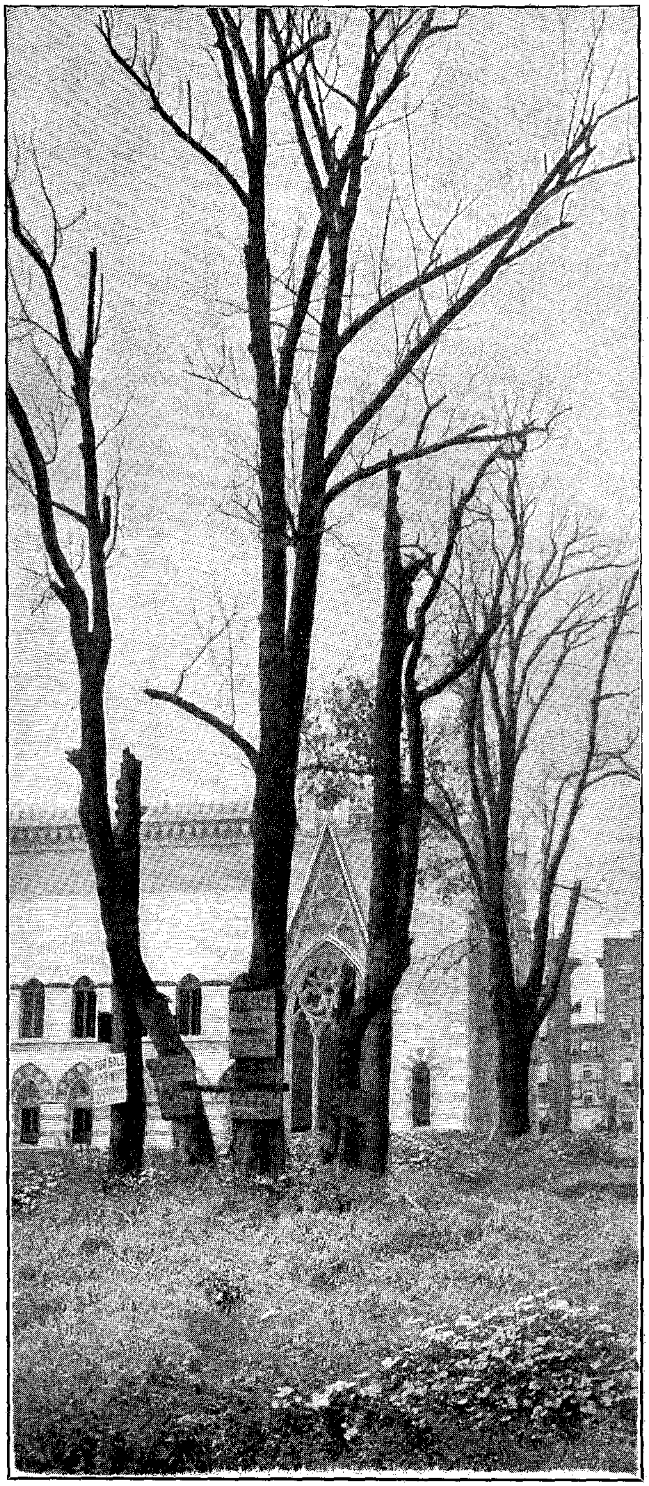
A SWAMP WHITE-OAK FLOURISHING ON ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

City of contrasts it is, with the blood of all races mingling in its arteries of life; yet with all the contrasts of good and evil, misery and happiness, poverty and wealth, ugliness and beauty, the great tendency, I have been forced to believe, is strongly toward the good, the true, and the beautiful. Every year the sky-line, long ridiculed, becomes more nobly beautiful in mass; every year more light sifts in among the habitations of the very poor; every year there is more to justify New York as the great gateway to the promised land of the West.

The trees of old New York greet the incoming potential citizen, if he looks to them, right where the city's prow thrusts into its Atlantic waterway. Battery Park has them, young and old, and none with a brighter message against the sky than the thrifty white pine which holds its greenery always. All these Battery Park trees, mostly in lively health, are to become greater as the years go over them, for now there is kindly consideration for their needs.

I fancy that not many who are drawn into the Brooklyn Bridge vortex think of the trees they see or pass under as they hurry across City Hall Square. Yet the elms are there, bravely holding their own in this priceless green spot amid the central activities of lower Manhattan. Their summer garb is grateful to those who pass, and their characteristic branches against an October sky dwarf the buildings beyond. It is on a snowy night in winter, however, quiet enough to keep their limbs from much swinging, that they are most absorbingly interesting, as the long, transparent shadows cross and intermingle on the white covering of the lawns. Every detail of their interlacing structure is cast down before one on the snow, and the lengthening and foreshortening, as the source of light is distant or near, but emphasize the tracery of twig and limb. It would seem as if these trees, winter and summer, were knowingly glorying in their position as they hold an oasis in the desert of rush and rumble about them.

Let us take an express train in the Subway, after leaving the trees of City Hall Square, and make our first stop at Fourteenth Street. Union Square, another oasis in the Manhattan-Sahara of buildings, holds trees that seem to belong there most substantially. They dot the park and shade the benches that hold the hopeless ones—for surely those who sit here in summer have mostly read the inscription said to designate the entrance to



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE GROUP OF THIRTEEN COMMEMORATIVE SOUR-GUM TREES PLANTED BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON a place not distinguished for arboreal features, even though deeply paved with desires to do well! It is a matter for continual wonder to me that so many waifs, so many who seem to have been unduly buffeted in life's struggle, find it worth while to sit in Union Square. Occasionally one who there holds down a bench is merely tempted by the greenery to sit and read or rest, but I cannot avoid the feeling, if I may judge by their looks, that those mostly rest here who have no places they may call their own in the world. Is it because of these same trees that give Union Square a little of God's forest home-feeling that there is this making of the place a sort of refuge for the homeless?

One of the peculiarities of New York trees is the number of survivals along her streets right at the house line instead of at the curb line. See this sturdy catalpa, for instance, holding its full, heart-shaped leaves over the Fourteenth Street sidewalk, not far from Sixth Avenue. It is well inside the sidewalk's edge, and, with the lusty ailanthus on its left, seems as if it had escaped through the fence which guards one of the remaining precious bits of open space yet remaining in this thronged city. A little looking will show the observer many such trees, often immediately next the house which protects them, and existing, undoubtedly, by the kindly sufferance of the property-owner. I have acquired a habit, as I flash up and down the elevated roads that cut Manhattan longitudinally, of looking for these fine old survivals on the cross streets, and if I were merely to catalogue them, the number of locations would surprise those who have forgotten that a metropolis may hold and love the few trees that remain to her.

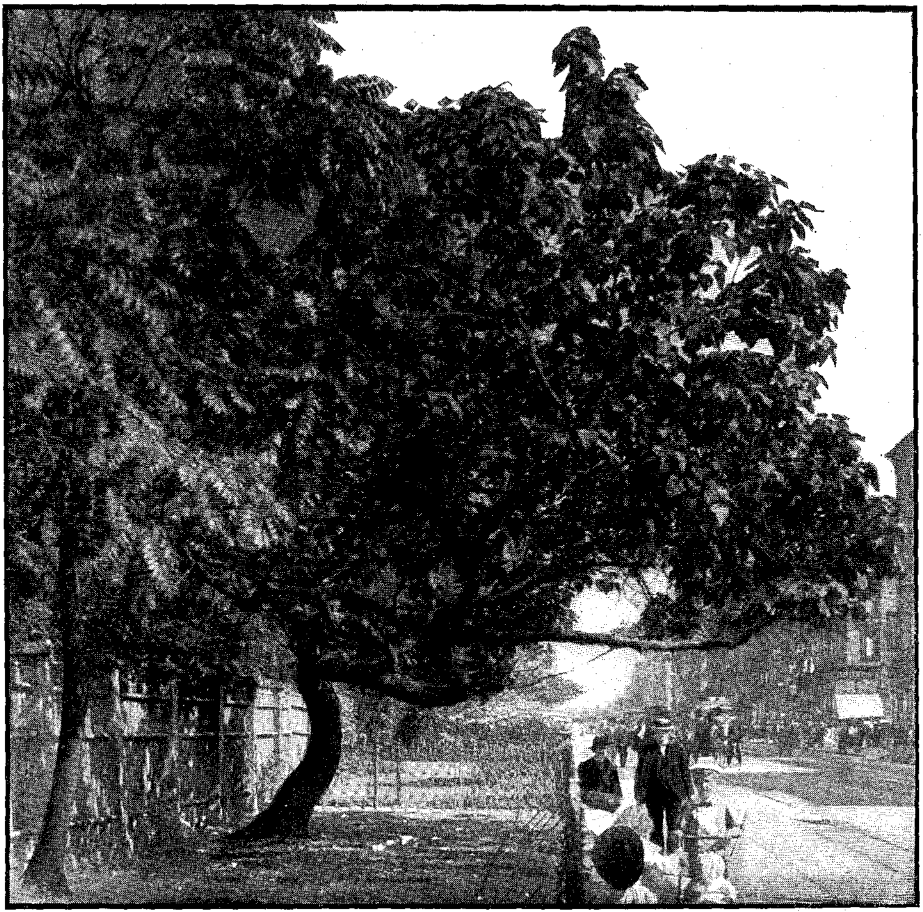
On Twenty-fifth Street, west of Sixth Avenue, I saw a rather comical catalpa survival the other day. Right against a new sky-scraper, not yet occupied, it stands, and in front of the tree there is one of those interesting remainders that distinguish New York. A two-story frame house, probably seventy years old or more, is next neighbor to the new ten-story temple of industry, and this catalpa, evidently planted long years ago in the back yard of the little house, has grown up and up, seeking for light and air, until it holds an umbrella right over the humble and somewhat ramshackle structure that originally protected it, seeming at the same time to shake its yet vigorous head at its new neighbor on the east with a promise to go right on up and top it as well! A little inquiry proved that the owner of the old house had refused to even name a price to his big neighbor, preferring to live his life out where his home had long been, under his own literal "roof-tree."

The catalpa, by the way, was seemingly a favorite with the New York tree-planters of past generations. These winter days one shakes in the wind its "Indian pipes" of bean-like seed-pods among the elms of Union Square, though I doubt whether many of Manhattan's school-boys ever try to make cigars of the tight little cylinders according to the accepted and familiar fashion of their country cousins.

Follow the line of travel north from Union Square a few blocks, and if the searcher is at all tree-wise he will see the elms of Madison Square as soon as he will the "garden" over which Diana poises, or the "Flatiron" building that holds back the rush of lower Broadway from invading this fourth oasis. The trees of Madison Square are peculiarly fascinating in their leafless condition, when they draw lines of intricate grace across the vast hives for human bees that shut in the little park on four sides. At just the right place along one of the eastern walks the elm branches help the daring architectural attempt of the new Church of the Transfiguration to protest against its towering neighbors.

But it is athwart the Flatiron building in the late afternoons of the leafless months that the Madison Square elms are most impressive. The strong sky of the southwest throws the front of the great building into soft shadows, deeper on the Broadway side. From this same Broadway side of the square—which is in no sense square—the elms, held back by city and climatic conditions from the stately stature of their kind in New England, throw wonderful black lines across the building and the sky, marking the real dignity of the much-abused structure. There are a dozen other vantage-points under and near these trees from which the distant view of the great building is made more beautiful, while the value of the tree in its countering of the architect's ideals is enforced upon the thoughtful observer.

To bring to mind what an influence these oases have on the rapidly improving and maturing architecture of the great metropolis, stand in Madison Square about the center, and, facing successively each compass direction, imagine the trees all gone, and the open place purely open, without the grace of branch or the shade of leaf, with the Flatiron shouting against the Garden building, and the opposite corners as noisily striking the eye in hard contrast!



AN OLD CATALPA ON FOURTEENTH STREET NEAR SIXTH AVENUE

Too bad it is that Madison Square should furnish one of the few places in all Manhattan where wires have been allowed to cause tree mutilation! If the Manhattanese who reads will, on opportunity, look from the south center of the square toward West Twenty-third Street, he will be outraged to see that for but two electric light wires a great elm has been sadly mutilated. A few dollars have been saved in underground conduit cost, to the lasting shame of the park authorities, who have permitted a wrong they cannot repair.

A strong contrast to the elm lines that grace most of the tree survivals of Manhattan is presented in the sturdy sycamore which holds place on the sidewalk at the northwest corner of Gramercy Park. Other good trees there are also

THE ELMS IN STUYVESANT SQUARE

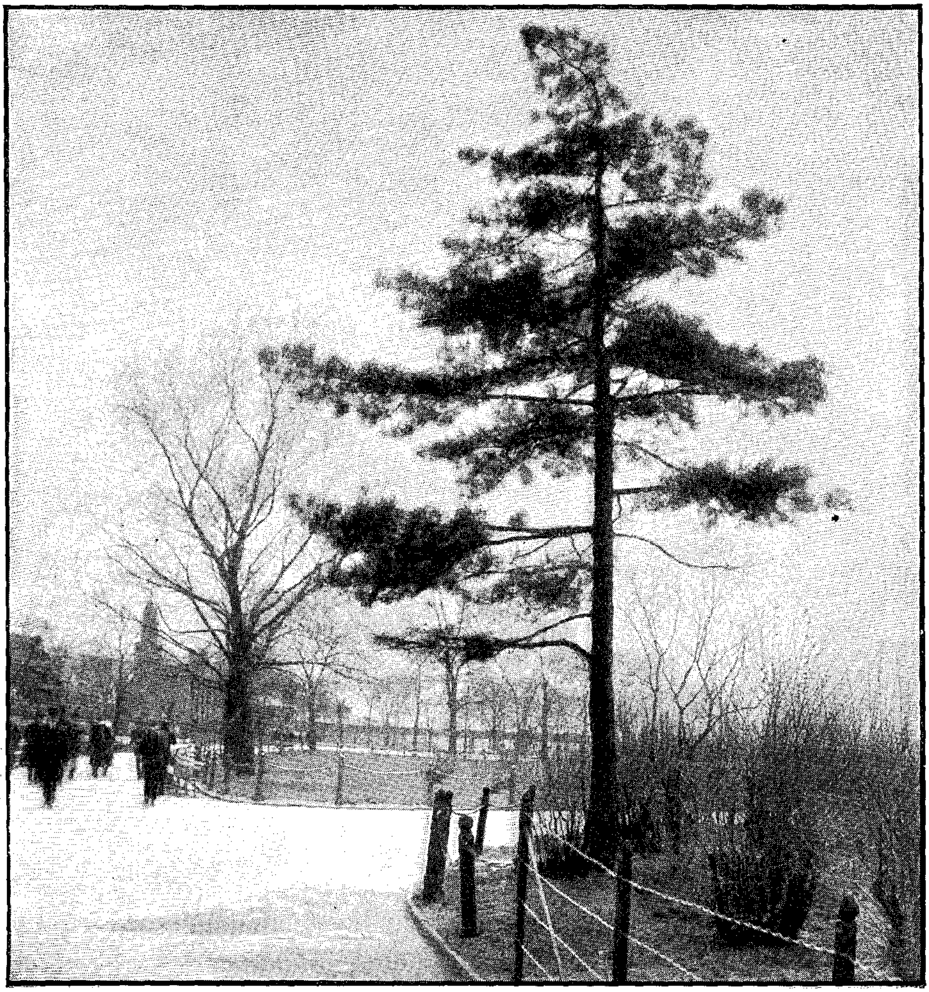
The children love to sit and play under the trees in early spring

in this rest spot off the hurried line of heaviest traffic, but none more picturesque than this upright-limbed "button-ball," that gives all who observe an occasion to see the remarkably diverse ways in which nature garbs the woody stems of the trees. The close-knit bark of the pervading elm is a sort of dress-suit, in contrast to the loose plates of the sycamore's skin, dropping off so easily at the right time, and showing well the underlying light-colored new suit of working clothes.

I think it is an English elm that towers over and graces the picturesque "Little Church Around the Corner" in Twenty-ninth Street. It aids, too, in giving to this notable and hospitable church the feeling of broad inclusiveness which every one who passes through the curious covered gateway must, it seems to me, at once receive. Just this little spot of green grass, with its few but most important trees, succeeds in setting out this church visually to a wanderer, who knows nothing of its history and habits, as a true "city of refuge." When I first chanced on it, turning in weariness out of Fifth Avenue's afternoon parade of the uncomfortably rich, I did not know what the church was. I was drawn by it, however, to pass the gates and wander in sudden peace for a few moments, the stress of the day gone; and for me the whole setting of the church was made lovely and restful by these fine trees, worth infinitely more to my spirit than the stateliest of the great structures that lift spires to heaven.

It may be remarked that I speak of and show principally bare trees, without the foliage that makes them so grateful in the summer sunshine. I admit that, while the green leaves are pleasant and restful and cooling, it is the twig and branch structure of the city tree that interests me to the point of fascination. What I have written as to the grace added to great architecture by proximate leafless trees is only one of the good reasons for this fondness. Another is indefinable, but others feel it unconsciously, else why is every seat taken in Stuyvesant Square on a spring day, long before there is the least thought of greenery from the trees above or the grass beneath? The boys must keep hands in pockets against the chill air; yet here they are, and the girls, too—not in the street, where the sun shines as warmly as in the little park, but under the bare trees. Somehow, in some way, the elm branches call to the children, and they come!

I must tell of what these trees of Stuyvesant Square, and the open spot they stand in, did for two friends who came from a forest-girdled university town into the noise of Gotham. Both of them ardent nature-lovers, and both having used their love to aid in getting knowledge of trees, when it came into their lives that their family altar must be transferred to New York if the man of the pair was to grasp the vanishing heel of opportunity, there was deep dread. Only thoughts of the Brooklyn Bridge and of the roar of Broadway came to them, and it was in all seriousness that they took my solemn assurance that trees were actually known to exist in Manhattan, and that grass grew and wild flowers bloomed within less than an hour's ride of City Hall Square! When I could also convince them by insistence that all New Yorkers were not bunco-steerers, that warm red blood did beat in many hearts carried along by corporeal bodies bearing hands to be honestly shaken in friend-



A LUSTY WHITE PINE IN BATTERY PARK

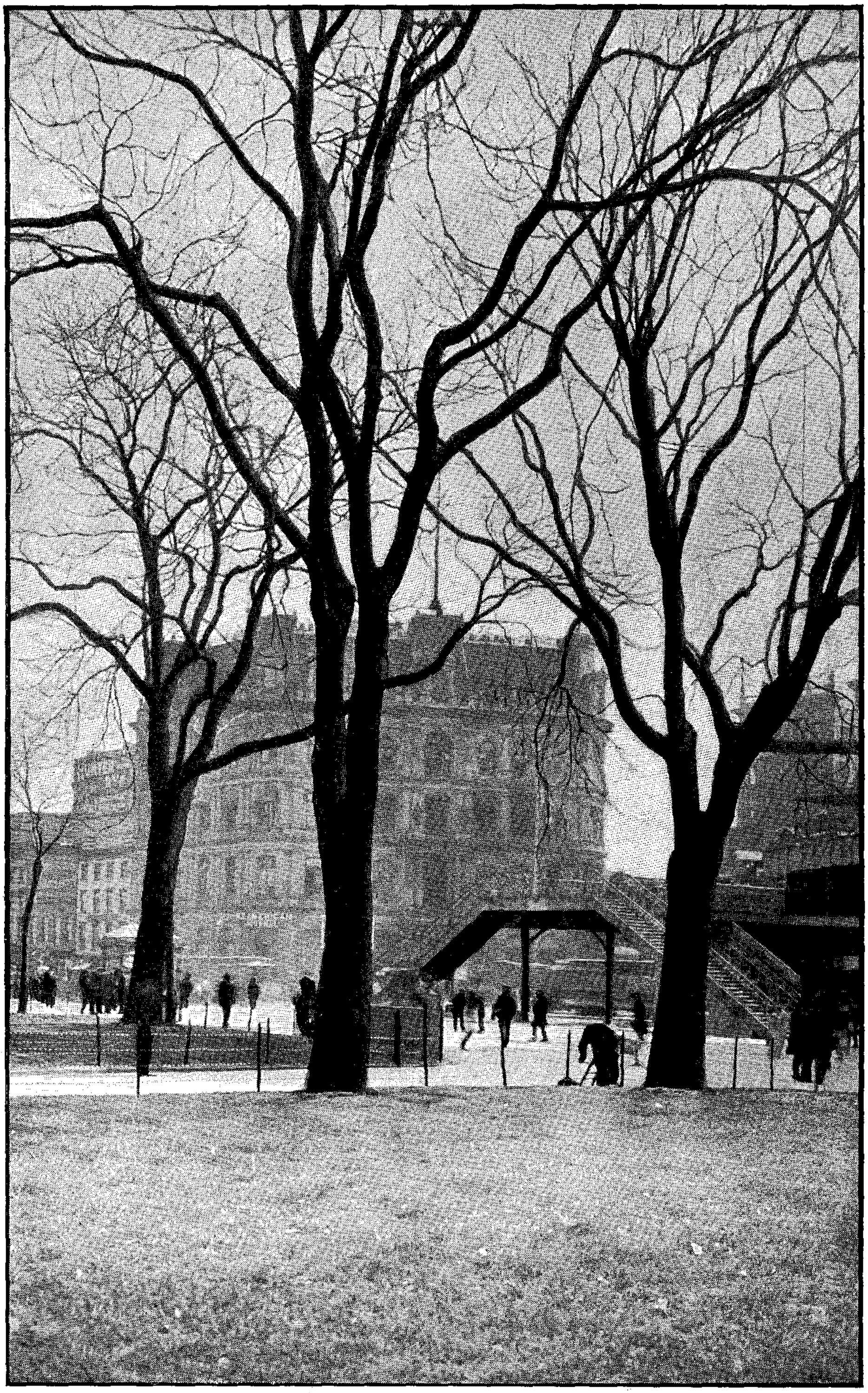
ship, and that they would find the city life less complicated than they anticipated, they came. A kind providence—nothing less!—manifested through a scanty exchequer, directed them to an apartment all too high as to steps *sans* elevatorial alleviation, but facing on Stuyvesant Square. Here they found a tree-scape to soothe their eyes and cleaner breath for their lungs, and they took to the life with joyful success. In the course of time the pair heard the voice of their baby daughter first in sight of these trees, and although they have now joined the noble army of Jersey commuters, these elms of Stuyvesant Square were the salvation of them in their induction into city life.

The conditions of the great city are not, I must admit, especially favorable to tree life. Those individuals that survive show both hardiness and adaptability, and they ought to be—and for the most part are—esteemed most highly in consequence. The ailanthus, of which only the blooming form is unpleasantly odorous for a short season, does endure the hardness of city life, and supplies a great arborescent canopy where it can find foothold. On Forty-third Street near Tenth Avenue the monotonous house line is broken beautifully by a close-set row of these trees just inside the fence that skirts the sidewalk. Such trees make one most reverent to the memory of Mayor Grant, whose ax at the bases of the electric poles of his day has left these streets of the city free for trees. If poles were permitted, these "trees of heaven," as the ailanthus is somewhat pretentiously called, would inevitably be shorn of their glory.

A jump of almost a hundred blocks in this mere hint of the trees that may be found in New York brings us, in One Hundred and Forty-second Street near Amsterdam Avenue, to what is perhaps the most remarkable tree of all in the city. Usually we expect to find the swamp white-oak in a moist locality, under forest conditions. It is not ordinarily planted as a shade tree on city streets, wherefore it is with both delight and surprise that this really striking specimen is discovered. Other trees are in sight, but the swamp white-oak is easily the monarch of them all, standing as it does in the conventional position just inside the curb, and reaching well upward along the lofty apartment-house which it fronts. Upper New York is fortunate in this tree. If it just happened, as a survival of the forest, to stand where a sidewalk curb was to come, its situation was most fortuitous; and if it has been lovingly planted by some one who had the forest thought in his heart, I wish him always green leaves to shade him, even on the golden streets!

Not very far from the swamp white-oak, at One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, there exists—barely exists—a melancholy group of trees to remind us of man's forgetfulness and carelessness. Though close to a church which might well have cared for them, these poor old sour-gum trees are dying of abuse and neglect, the signboards attached pointing one ignoble use to which they are subjected. Yet these are the survivors of a group of thirteen sour-gums planted by Alexander Hamilton in commemoration of the thirteen colonies that joined to throw off the yoke of England! Doubtless the great statesman selected the gum because it is both long-lived and tough; but he could not provide against the neglect of posterity. Tradition has it, without adequate foundation, however, that when the war of 1861 broke out, the trees intended to represent the seceding States were cut down. Better that all should have been cut down than that these survivors should be left to show neglect and to bear the ignominy of advertising signs!

In Central Park, as in the Bronx Park, there are many and magnificent trees, and of many kinds. Of these I do not speak at all, for they are not characteristic of the street conditions to which I want to draw attention. The hundreds of trees throughout Manhattan's busy thoroughfares may well be made the point of walks and of interesting investigation by those who have opportunities denied to me, who must take my New York in very small portions. If this interest is aroused, these surviving trees will become objects of even greater care and attention, and their useful lives will be greatly prolonged.



IN CITY HALL SQUARE

Trees amid the rush at the Bridge entrance

THREE RECIPIENTS OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Frederick Passy, President of the French Peace Society; Baroness von Suttner, President of the Austrian Peace Society; and Eli Ducommon, President of the Peace Bureau at Berne. The photograph was taken at the Lucerne Peace Congress of 1905.

THE BARONESS VON SUTTNER

BY HAYNE DAVIS

A COMMITTEE of the Norwegian Parliament is compelled every year to scan the world's sky of peace workers for that particular star which has shed the brightest light upon the night of our war era, in order to award justly the peace prize of $40,000 provided by the will of Alfred Nobel, the Swede.

The first year it went to that venerable and wonderful representative of France, Frederick Passy, who, with William Randal Cremer, of England, organized the Interparliamentary Union. Last year it went to Mr. Cremer. This year, when the Norwegians saw the light of Baroness Suttner's incessant activity for the world's peace, they ceased from their labors and awarded it to her. It was she who inspired Alfred Nobel to make this remarkable bequest, and Frederick Passy has called her the General-in-Chief of the World's Peace Army.

No award of this prize has given more delight to those who know what Baroness Suttner has done and endured. Inspiring Mr. Nobel to make this bequest was in itself a great service to the cause, and yet it was small when compared to what she has done by her own actions. For nearly twenty years she has never ceased to cry out in passionate appeals for peace, and in a world where women are not accorded that welcome on the stage of public effort which greets them in America. Her voice has gone into the depths of many hearts in many lands, and the response which it awoke has greatly increased the world-wide and world-old desire for peace. "Lay Down Your Arms" is the English title of her most widely read work. It has been translated into all the principal languages and has touched a vast audience. When I saw her at Vienna, in October, she was just starting into Germany, in continuation of her habit, on an extended tour to speak for peace.

She told me that many people had

declared to her that America was abandoned to pursuit of material wealth and power, and, as many published things made our sky look dark when viewed from Europe, she could not know what to believe of us, but that two weeks after she set foot on American soil and felt the spirit of our people she knew that in America is the hope of mankind. She expressed great gladness for her power to judge justly of this matter, and said that now she could carry on her campaign conscious of a great army in America supporting her of which she was before unconscious, and which she now knows will insure the final victory for peace.

BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

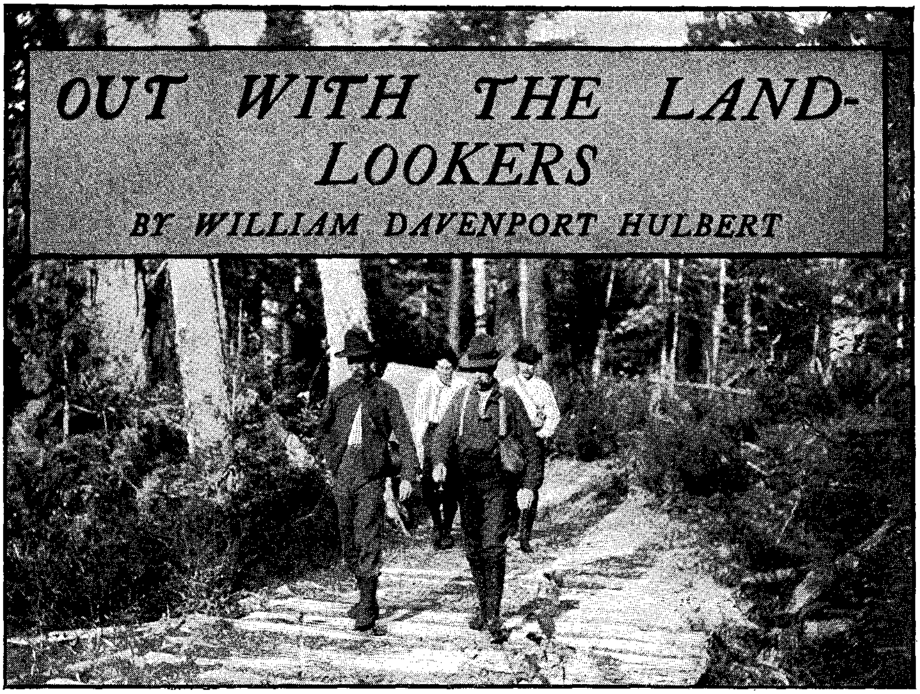
It was at the fourteenth International Peace Congress at Lucerne that I first had the pleasure of meeting her. The session was over; the clouds hung heavily over the Alps. I found Baroness Suttner somewhat depressed with the partings and with the inevitable suggestions which come after every forward move, and which attempt to rob us of our well-earned victory. She had heard, but only in a vague way, of the Brussels session of the Interparliamentary Union, for European papers are not American papers. When it was clearly developed to her how a delegation from the United States Congress, headed by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, had proposed to delegations from eighteen other national Parliaments the creation of an International Congress, so as to provide a system of law for the conduct of international intercourse, how Count Albert Apponyi had declared in the Conference that this grand idea would knock at the world's official doors till it was admitted, how it had been accepted in principle by the Conference, and a commission, composed of seven eminent members of Parliament, appointed to work out the details for its practical realization, and how one hundred and twenty-five audiences, aggregating one hundred thousand people, on motion of Captain Hobson, had enthusiastically indorsed this idea between January and August, 1905, and how the great Mohonk Conference had cabled its approval and an expression of gratitude to Mr. Bartholdt, she looked long and silently at the colorless clouds hovering over Lake Lucerne. Mr. Felix Moscheles, of London, the eminent artist, was in the company, and he broke the silence by asking, "What are you seeing?" The Baroness replied, "The clouds which this light from America makes radiant."

For many years she had held steadfastly to the premonition that somehow and in some way peace must come. The night was never dark enough to extinguish her hope, nor the discouragements heavy enough to stop her labors. Now the way was made plain, and powerful allies were revealed across the ocean, in the land to which she had begun to look for light and strength. She told me afterwards, at Vienna, that this had begun a new era for her, the light now shining on the path ahead, and with the goal in sight.

She has been long among those who are not responsive to her thoughts and purposes. At the very outset she had to go against the current of opinion. Austria is one of those States which are still vainly endeavoring to limit nobility and power to the privileged few. When the heir to the throne was seized, five years ago, with love for a remarkable Countess, whose family has been illustrious for centuries, it created consternation at Court. For a Countess is not royal, only noble. It was finally agreed, however, that he might marry her, provided he would renounce forever all claim to the throne for his children; and he solemnly made this renunciation in the presence of a great company of important persons—for instance, the Emperor, the Ministers of State, the high dignitaries of the Roman Church, who sanction the idea of the divine right of kings. The account of this scene in the papers sounded like an echo from some far-away sepulcher instead of a twentieth-century fact. Well, Baroness Suttner had to go through a similar ordeal. Simple Americans are apt to suppose that a baron is somebody. So he is when a count is not present. Now all the Austrian counts seemed to the Countess Bertha von Kinsky of small worth compared to Baron von Suttner. And consequently she broke all court considerations, abandoned her place and position and people, and ran away even from her nation to marry the man who seemed to her a man indeed. She endured many hardships in consequence, besides the loss of comfort and position. The timely acceptance of articles by a magazine helped to make a dinner of herbs, where love was, better than a banquet in gilded halls without it. But times change even in Austria. A long life of noble effort finds Baroness Suttner again in her place at the Austrian Court. A prince can be Vice-President of a Peace Society of which she is President. Austrian members of the Hague Court, Ministers of State, Admirals of the navy, Chancellors of the universities, Ambassadors from other lands, now feel honored to attend her when her doors are opened. Who in America can fail to rejoice in the triumph of Baroness Suttner, because she is a woman, because she has worked so wisely and well in a cause which Americans are now determined to push to final victory, and at no distant day?

OUT WITH THE LAND-LOOKERS

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT



"HERE'S Dan's bean-pot. Wonder if we ought to take it. He kicks on any other way of cooking beans. Guess we'd better put it in."

"Here's some boot-grease. Guess we won't take that. Use tallow."

"Here are three lunch-bags. You've got one, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I've got three compasses. Here's another. Do we want it?"

"No. I can take two or three, and those fellows will have some."

"Here's two late magazines."

"Put them in."

"The canteens will be a good rig."

"Are you going to wear a sweater—or a mackinaw?"

"No—not this time of year. Coat and vest and a cotton shirt."

"Here's something we'll want—fly dope."

We would indeed, for, alas! it was June—fly time—probably the one month of the year that the land-looker most dreads. The timber dealers would have preferred to put off the trip till later in the summer, but the option ran out in three weeks, and there was no time to be lost.

"How many axes will we want?"

"I think we'll want all the axes we can scare up."

"Well, here's a half-ax, and a quarter, and a hatchet, and here's the big one. Let's touch them up a little, hey?"

"All right."

The grindstone was brought out from a dark corner and they took turns at the handle, each man holding his own ax while the other kept the stone a-whirling. The timber dealers were getting ready to go into the woods to look fifteen or twenty thousand acres of land, and as a first step they were overhauling their outfit and deciding what they should take and what they should not. The long, deep shelves built against the basement wall were piled high with everything one could use in camping, from erbswurst and evaporated potatoes to folding stoves, wool-lined moccasins, canvas pack-sacks, and red bandannas.

"Let's count up the blankets," said one, when the axes were finished.

The blankets were taken down from one end of the shelves and counted.

THE LAND-LOOKER WRITING UP HIS NOTES

"Fourteen pair. We ought to have fifteen. I'll get another this afternoon."

"Here's the seven by nine"—pulling out a handsome little wall tent made of waterproofed balloon silk. "We may not need it, but we'll take it along."

"And here's the nine and a quarter by fourteen"—producing a larger one made of heavier material, also waterproofed. "We'll use it for a sleeping-tent. And here's the nine by twelve. We'll use that for a cook-tent, but it'll have to have a fly. It's one of those cheap canvas tents, and it leaks."

"Here's the housewife," and the younger man picked up a self-sealing tin can and rattled it to see how full it was. From the sounds it gave forth one would have said that it might perhaps contain needles, nails, spools of thread, buttons, and possibly a few small tools.

"Seems to be pretty full," he said. "Guess there's everything there that we'll need," and he tossed it over on to the pile of blankets.

"Got a whetstone?"

"Yes."

"Here's fifteen plates."

"Ten cups, and four dish-ups."

"Two fry-pans."

"Four bread-pans."

"Here's a nutmeg grater. Shall we take it along?"

"Yes."

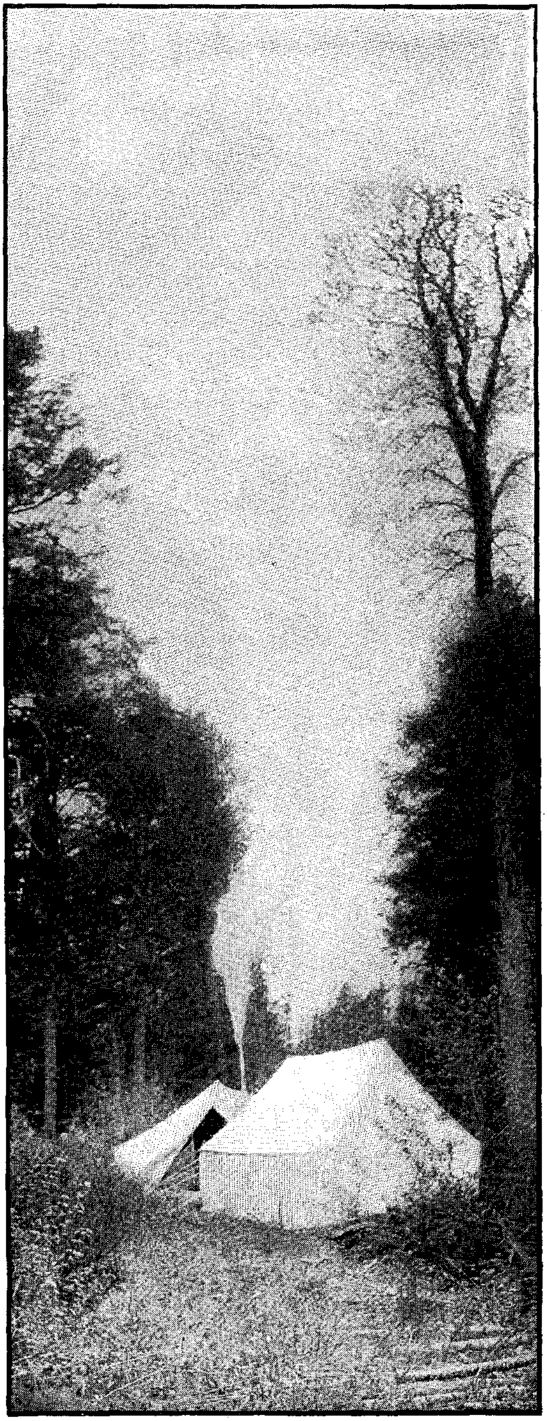
"How are we going to pack that stove?"

"Might roll it up in the canvas tent."

"That's a good stunt."

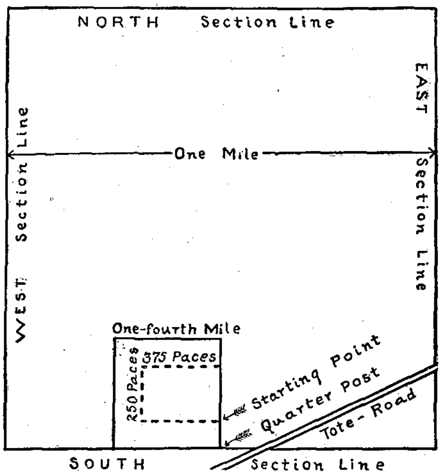
And so it went on. The provisions had already been shipped by freight, direct from the grocer's, and we found them waiting for us the next morning, when we alighted from a railway train at a small station in the northern Michigan woods. The packs containing the blankets, tents, and equipment were unloaded from the baggage-car, and within an hour we had hired a team, piled our stuff into the wagon, and struck out northward across the corduroy.

Besides myself (a non-combatant) there were eight men in the party—the two timber dealers, one of whom was to act as a land-looker, while the other had a general oversight of the work, two other land-lookers, three line-runners, and Daniel Webster, the French cook. The timber dealers were both young men, one of them in his early thirties and the other half a dozen years his junior. Both were men of some education and knowledge of the world, but both, also, knew the life of the woods by practical experience of all its phases. Marsh, meadow, and hill—hardwood, cedar swamp, and pine grove—in summer and in winter—by snowshoe and canoe—from the lumber camp, the hunter's shack, and the land-looker's tent—they had seen it all and knew it all by heart. The other two land-lookers were cruisers by profession, following a calling which, while it may not require much book-learning, exacts good judgment, a clear head, and a power of keen observation. They were older men than the timber dealers, one of them probably in his fifties and the other in his forties. Of the three line-runners, two were woodsmen—father and son—and the third was a college boy out on his vacation. All three were skilled in the art of running by compass and measuring distances by pacing. As to Daniel Webster, he was somewhat of a mystery. How a Frenchman ever came to be possessed of blue eyes, a light brown mustache, and such a name is quite inexplicable; but that Dan was French, or had French blood, any one who had ever heard him talk or eaten one of his meals would have to admit. His accent was pronounced, and his cooking would have been creditable to an experienced *chef*. The timber dealers had not always been in the habit of taking a French cook with them when they went into the



THE CAMP

"The tents stood in the road with tall trees towering above them"



THE LAND-LOOKER'S FIELD OF ACTION

The large square represents a section and the small one a forty. The dotted line shows the line-runner's course

woods to look lands. Neither had they always gone with several hundred pounds of provisions, a team of horses to haul their stuff, and half a dozen men as their assistants. Many and many a time they had started into the woods with no company but each other; and each of them knew what it was to camp out with only a dog for a companion, or with no companion at all, and with only such outfit as he could carry on his back. And their father, when he went land-looking in those same woods thirty years before, had often bivouacked in the snow, in the coldest weather of a Lake Superior winter, without even a tent between him and the stars, but with only a little square of cotton cloth stretched on sticks at the head of his bed to break the wind.

But on this trip the circumstances were rather unusual. The tract of land which they were to look over, though by no means the largest that they had handled, was larger than the average, and quite large enough to justify them in taking a crew. Moreover, the railway ran within fifteen or twenty miles of it, and there were wagon roads the rest of the way. So there seemed to be no good reason why we should not have things comfortable.

The laurel was in bloom along the corduroy as we crossed a mile-wide swamp, and here and there, where a little brook meandered through the meadow or among the tamaracks, there was a bright belt of gay marsh-marigolds. Then, after a time, we left the lowland behind and climbed up into the beech and maple woods, still following the old stage road that leads to the south shore of Lake Superior. Once in a while we saw a pine-tree, but not very often. The lumbermen had been busy in these woods for many years, and there was little pine left. It was hardwood and hemlock that we were looking for. Eight or ten miles from the railway we turned sharply to the left and followed an old tote-road till it dropped down into the cedar swamp again, and there, on a little sandy ridge that rose two or three feet above the level of the low, wet ground around it, we stopped the team and unloaded the wagon of its boxes and packs and bundles. We were a little off the edge of our tract, but the ridge was dry and made a pleasant and convenient camping-ground, and, most important of all, there was a spring of good water only a few rods distant.

The wagon was backed out of the way, and all hands set to work. Some unfolded the tents and spread them out on the ground, some cut poles and pegs, one man unpacked the stove and drew out the telescoping stovepipe, and Daniel Webster opened the boxes of groceries. It was already noon, and time for luncheon. But now Dan made an unpleasant discovery. By some mistake the box containing the bread had been left behind. Dan had other resources, however. The cook-tent was pitched as quickly as possible, and the little sheet-iron box stove set up, with its oven on top and its slender pipe reaching up through a hole in a sheet of tin sewed into the canvas roof, and Dan got out a package of corn-meal and mixed up some johnny-cake. While we were waiting for it to bake, some one unearthed from one of the boxes a long piece of toweling and a cake of soap, and we all went down to the spring for a wash. And presently luncheon was announced—hot corn-bread and butter, canned meat, and cheese. Later the other tent was set up, the sape was cut and laid for the beds, and two land-lookers and two line-runners paid a visit to a deserted lumber camp half a mile or more away and came back

DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS COOK-STOVE

with some boards, with which they made a table along one side of the cook-tent. Then a bench was manufactured—just a five-inch log laid in the crotches of three heavy forked stakes driven deep into the ground in front of the table. And finally a great square of cheesecloth was sewed over the front of the sleeping-tent to keep out the mosquitoes, and was temporarily looped up with a piece of blue tape taken from the wrappings of a slab of bacon.

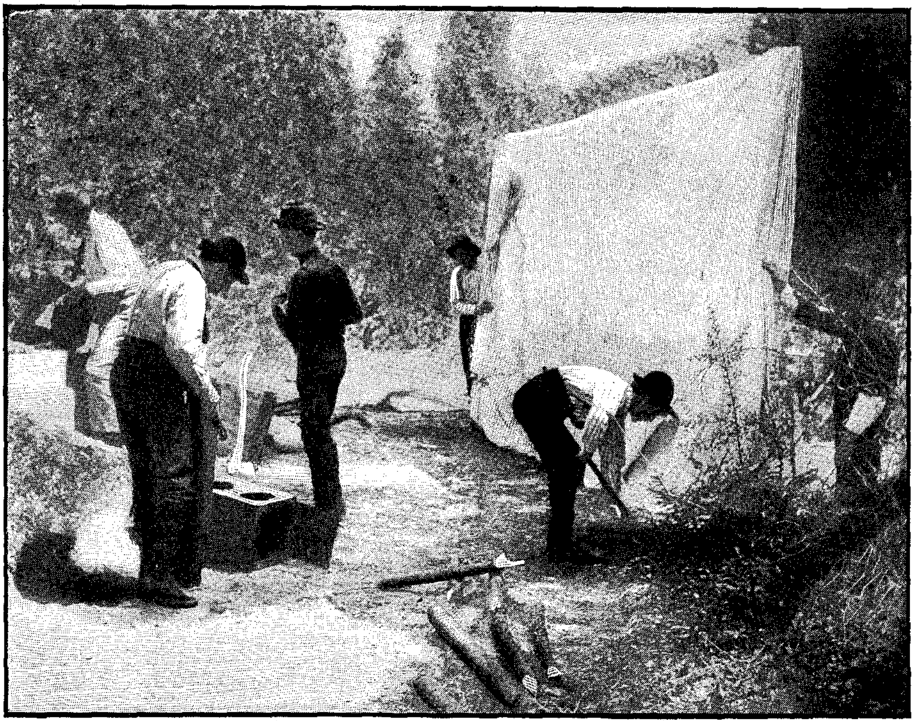
"Looks like a wedding dress," said Daniel Webster.

The camp was complete. The two big tents stood squarely in the road, filling it from side to side, and on either hand the tall trees kept guard above them.

Meanwhile one of the timber dealers had been preparing plats, one for each land-looker, showing the sections and fractions of sections that he was to look, and now he passed them around.

"Well," said the senior land-looker, when he had carefully examined his, "I think I'll take a little walk and see if I can find the quarter-post, and be ready to go to work in the morning."

So off he went in his broad-brimmed felt hat, his striped cotton shirt, with the rolling collar and four-in-hand tie, his old vest unbuttoned and hanging loose from his shoulders, and his stout, heavy trousers folded into the high, laced foot-



SETTING UP THE COOK-TENT

gear known in the woods as "cruisers." He was a fine figure of a woodsman. A hundred rods back the road had crossed a section line, and here he stopped to examine the blaze. It was not the original blaze made by the Government surveyors fifty years before. Some one had "renewed" it, and on the broad, flat surface hewed on the side of the tree had written, "140 Paces West to S ¼ Post."

"It wasn't much of a woodsman that did that," remarked one of the line-runners, who had come along to see what was doing.

"Why not?" I asked.

"He ought to have made the one-fourth come before the S," replied the line-runner. "He's got it 'section-quarter,' instead of 'quarter-section.'"

But it told its story, whether it was in strictly proper form or not, and the land-looker had already taken his compass from his pocket and started off through the woods toward the west, walking with a regular, machine-like gait, and methodically counting his paces. The line-runner and I followed, and now and then, as we went, we caught sight of blazes on the trees, some very old and almost hidden by the later growth of wood and bark, and some comparatively new and fresh.

"A hundred and forty steps," said the land-looker, and he stopped and looked about him. Close by stood an old beech, leaning far over to one side, and only kept from falling by the sturdy embrace of a good-sized maple. On the under side of its trunk was a slight mark, all that was left of what had once, half a century before, been a long, broad blaze, with letters and figures cut into the wood.

"Here we are."

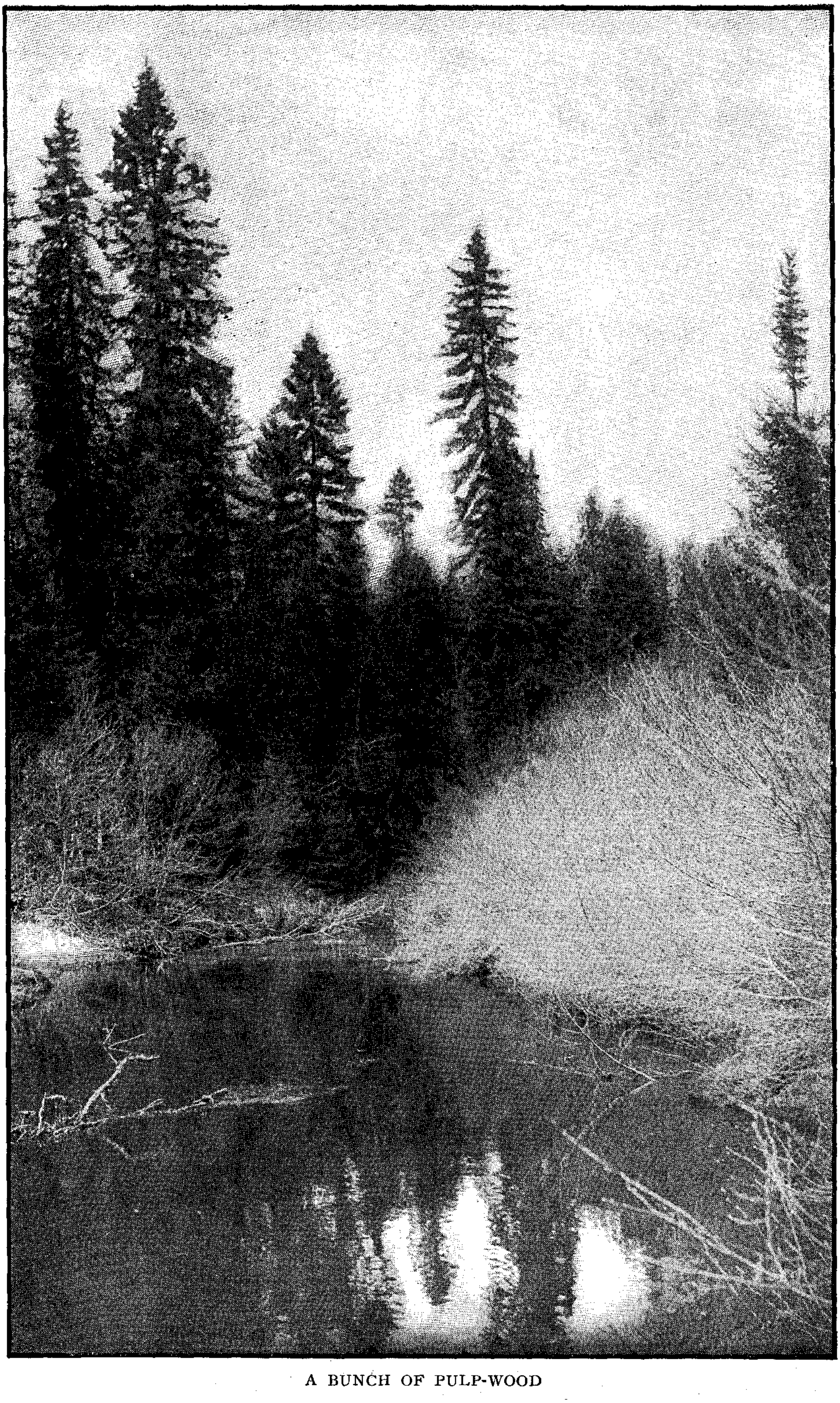
It was not the quarter-post itself—the cedar stake which the Government surveyors had set in the ground to mark the middle of one side of a section—for that had rotted away long before; but it was one of the two "witness-trees," one on each side of the line, which they had chosen to bear witness to the post's position, and on which they had left their mark. It was enough. We went back to camp, and after supper—bacon and eggs, boiled potatoes, graham gems, cheese, pickles, a bottle of strawberry jam, and tea—we sat around a big fire and the land-looker discoursed of the difficulties he had sometimes experienced in "getting located"—finding a corner or quarter-post from which to work. Once it had taken him two days, and when he finally got hold of a corner four miles away and worked back from it, he found that the quarter-post he wanted had stood within a few feet of the spot he had started from. But not a sign of either the post or its witness-trees was left. A forest fire had passed that way, and everything had been swept clean. On another occasion, after a long and fruitless search, he had worked back from a distant corner and found the stumps of the needed witness-trees under a big pile of brush. But to-day's problem was dead easy. In fact, the whole piece of work that lay before us promised to be an unusually pleasant one of its kind—that is, as far as the work itself was concerned. Being mostly hardwood country, the tract would probably afford good walking—dry, firm, and free from excessive undergrowth—which makes a wonderful difference in the ease and comfort with which the land-looker does his work. Also, being hardwood, its growth was more open than that of most evergreens, and one could therefore see much farther through it. One thing, however, it lacked—there was not much water; and a man gets pretty thirsty in the course of a long day's work in the woods.

"It's the driest country you ever saw," the timber dealer said. "That's why we brought the canteens. We've got some oranges, too. There's nothing like an orange to help a dry lunch down."

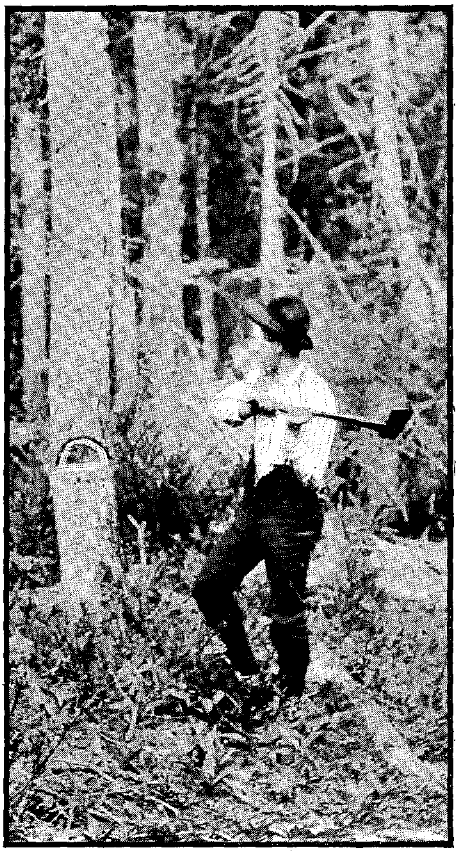
And something else it had, just now, in too great abundance. We had all been gesticulating occasionally, with more or less impatience, as we sat there by the fire, and presently the junior timber dealer struck himself a resounding slap on the side of his face.

"Shouldn't think you'd let a little thing like a mosquito bother you," said his senior, with pleasant sarcasm.

"I don't," said the junior, calmly. "I'm bothering the mosquito."



A BUNCH OF PULP-WOOD



CUTTING FIRE-WOOD

Just then the senior line-runner spoke up, apostrophizing some being invisible to the rest of us. " Go 'way, now," he said. " You'll get hurt. Go 'way out of here. You won't, hey? Well, then, stay!" and he made a quick grab at something in the air.

" Look, now," he said, as he opened his hand. " He's small. He ain't got his growth yet."

" They're just beginning," said the senior land-looker. " They're late this year. But wait till we get one or two good hot days. Then we'll catch it."

And I may say right here that a few days later we did catch it, with a vengeance, and that the fly dope was copiously used.

The talk turned to wild animals, and one of the timber dealers told how he had one night lain awake and listened to several creatures prowling noisily around his tent. They had stayed for some time, picking up scraps of food, he judged, and occasionally brushing against the tent-ropes and even against the canvas, but he had no reason to suppose that they were anything more than porkies, and he did not get up. The next morning he found the snow about the tent all trodden down with—bear tracks!

" You were just as safe in that tent as you would have been in a house," said the senior land-looker; and the timber dealer agreed with him.

Some one asked the land-looker if he had ever seen a wolf, and he said he had not, though he had often heard them, and he knew that there were plenty of them in these very woods. Most of the other woodsmen in the party had had the same experience. They had heard them howling, many a time, and the timber dealer had once been followed for several hours by a lone wolf who lifted up his voice at frequent intervals, but who was very careful not to show himself. Nobody present had ever really seen one, and apparently nobody really expected to. They were all agreed that a wolf was about the hardest animal in the woods to lay eyes upon; and, by the way, there were no firearms of any kind in our entire outfit. One does not carry a gun for the sake of sport when looking a dozen forties of land a day. It is too heavy, and it is as much as one wants to do to tote one's self. And as for danger, there are other things in the woods that are much more to be feared than wild animals—dead branches falling from the tree-tops on windy days, holes between roots, into which you may step and sprain your ankle or break your leg, a stray bullet from a hunter's rifle, or the stroke of a glancing ax. The timber dealer told how he had once stubbed his toe upon a steel bear-trap hidden under a light fall of snow; and how, when camping beside the Tahquamenon River, two or three years before, he had cut an ugly gash in his leg, and had wakened in the night to find that the wound had opened and was bleeding so rapidly that the blood had already soaked clear through his blankets. If he had slept a little longer, he might not have wakened at all. No, there was not much danger from wild animals.

The conversation drifted from one

subject to another, while the darkness deepened, the stars came out in the quiet sky, and the mosquitoes gradually disappeared, driven to cover by the chill of the night air.

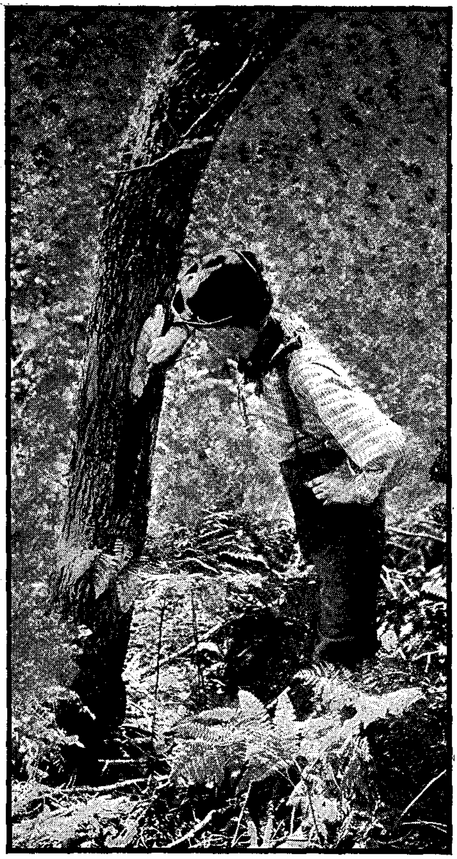
The college boy was composing a poem in several stanzas in honor of a pretty girl he had seen at the railway station, and presently he sang it to us, to the air of "Maryland, my Maryland."

"Emmeline, O Emmeline!
She uses glyco-thymoline,
And kerosene, and gasoline,
And that's what makes her teeth so clean."

"It's a healthy life," the timber dealer was saying to the senior land-looker. "I know a good many timber-cruisers that are getting pretty well along in years, and they're all strong, healthy, young-looking men."

"That's so," agreed the land-looker. "There's old man M——. He must be past seventy now, but I met him the other day out in the woods taking a twenty-mile walk, and he was stepping off as brisk as if he was his own grandson."

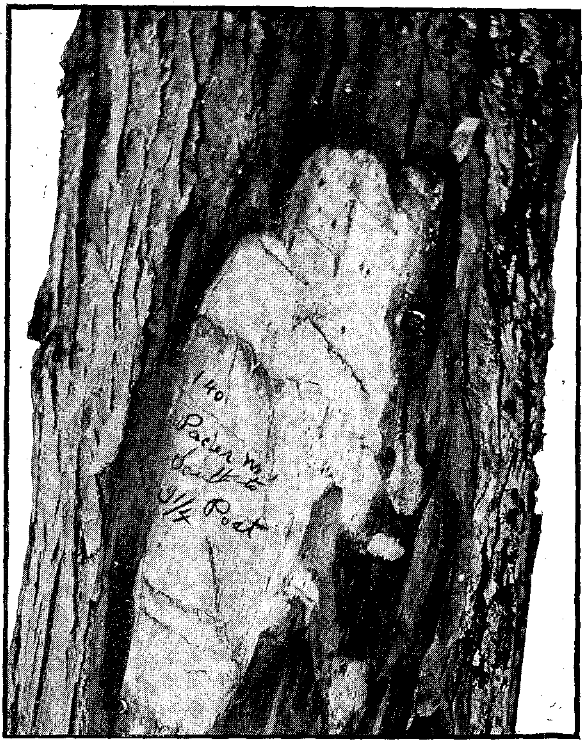
The fire died down, the air grew colder, and one after another we slipped away in the big sleeping-tent while it was still early evening. At five the next morning Daniel Webster's alarm clock went off, at six we sat down to breakfast, and half an hour later we were ready to start out for the day's work. The senior land-looker and his line-runner went to the quarter-post that they had located the day before, and from there the line-runner took the lead and the land-looker followed. They had the solid section to look—a forty at a time. Now a forty, which contains forty acres and is otherwise known as a quarter-quarter-section, is a quarter of a mile square. There are sixteen of them in a section, and the way the first one was looked was a fair sample of the rest. From the old witness-tree the line-runner ran—that is, paced—one hundred and twenty-five paces north, toward the center of the section. This carried him one-fourth of the way along the eastern edge of the forty, and gave him his real starting-point. Then he turned at right angles and ran three hundred and seventy-five paces west, which carried him three-fourths of the way across the forty, at a distance of approximately three hundred and thirty feet from the section line which bounded it on its southern side. Then he turned north again, two hundred and fifty paces; and finally he faced due east and ran back three hundred and seventy-five paces to the edge of the forty from which he had started. Thus he had walked around three sides of the forty at a distance of three hundred and thirty feet from each of them. As the distance between his westward and eastward paths was only six hundred and sixty feet, he had passed within three hundred and thirty feet of every square inch of the forty. In taking this three-sided walk he had been guided only by his compass and had measured distances only by pacing, but so skilled was he in his work that in the whole distance he did not vary more than a few feet from his course.


MARKING UP A SECTION LINE

The land-looker, meanwhile, had followed close behind him, noting carefully the timber on either hand, and by the time they had finished he had a very close estimate of the amounts of lumber of different kinds that could be manufactured from the timber on the forty. Twenty thousand feet of beech, forty-five thousand feet of maple, fifty thousand of hemlock, seventeen thousand of birch, and one lone pine-tree. The next forty had a corner running down into the swamp, and there he found a quantity of cedar ties and posts and a handful of telegraph poles, besides some fifty cords of spruce and balsam pulp-wood. The third was all hardwood, and ran heavily to birch—a valuable forty. The fourth was largely hemlock; and thus it went on through one forty after another.

The land-looker kept careful records in his note-book of everything he found, and at night, after returning to camp, he copied his figures on estimate-blanks which the timber dealer provided. He and the line-runner ran over twelve forties that day, and the day following they finished the section and did nearly half of another.

One of the other two land-lookers had a somewhat different method. Instead of following a three-sided course around a forty, he took a strip twenty-five paces wide clear across one side of it, counted the trees, and made a very careful estimate of their contents. Then he took a similar strip crossing the forty at right angles to the first one, added the figures for the two, and multiplied the result by ten. His estimate on that part of the forty which he actually traversed was probably a little more accurate than the first man's, for he passed closer to each tree, but a larger portion of the forty was untouched and was merely guessed at from the contents of the two strips.



THE "RENEWED" BLAZE

Once we were fairly started, it was rather monotonous work. Each day ten or twelve forties looked by each land-looker, with so many thousand feet of hardwood reported, so many thousand of hemlock, so many ties, so many posts and poles, so many cords of pulp-wood, and now and then a little bunch of pine.

By the end of a week we had looked all that part of the tract that lay within a radius of two or three miles from the camp. Then one morning the wagon came for us, and we struck our tents, and in the afternoon pitched them again away over on the other side of the tract. The next day I started for home, and I had not been away five hours when the monotony was broken by an incident the like of which not one of those land-lookers, line-runners, and timber dealers had ever before experienced—something which was almost as unexpected as the sight of an elephant or a man-eating tiger in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp would be—yet which may possibly happen again to any of them at almost any time.

The senior land-looker and his line-runner had separated for a few minutes, and in following up a section line the land-looker stepped up on to a fallen tree and from thence to the top of a brush-pile, looked down over the farther side, and saw, only a rod or two away, a group of eight wolves, all watching him with an air that was both interested and interesting. Why they did not run at the sight of a man, as well-regulated wolves ought to do, he does not know; but he thinks he heard a slight noise in the underbrush at a little distance, and he has a theory that some young ones were getting out of harm's way and that the older animals were covering their retreat. However that may be, the wolves stood their ground until he shouted at them. At that they started off, but almost immediately they turned back and looked at him again. Then the largest three advanced a few feet toward the brush-pile, growling and snarling as they came, their teeth showing and the hair bristling along their backs, and in another moment the whole pack was making for him. The land-looker went up a tree faster than he had ever climbed before in all his life, and sat there on a limb, shouting to his line-runner at the top of his voice. The line-runner shouted in reply, and advanced slowly and with caution, and in a few minutes the wolves, perceiving that the enemy was about to be reinforced, and that the cubs were by this time out of danger—if indeed there were any cubs at all—left for parts unknown. The land-looker came down from his perch, and he and the line-runner resumed their work as if nothing had happened; but he will have a story to tell for the rest of his days—such a story as very few land-lookers can boast. Will he take a gun, I wonder, the next time he goes into the woods? I don't believe he will.

AMONG THE INSCRUTABLE INEVITABILITIES

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

CHRISTINE slowly glanced over the pages of the manuscript which her business manager had a moment earlier returned to her.

"It's in only three acts," she said, looking protestingly at the manager; "and there is no change of scene. I should need only one set of scenery"—she again considered the manuscript—"'A garden;' a garden needn't cost very much." Christine paused, but the manager did not speak, and she continued: "And I should have to have only one dress; the whole action of the play takes place in one afternoon." The manager still was silent, and the actress added, "You see, there will be very little risk in producing it—though I should be willing to take a great deal of risk for Mary Gregory; she is my best friend."

"But," objected the manager, "she can't write a play."

He took the manuscript from Christine, and stared at it in perplexity. "She must have modeled it on the Greeks," he said; "it positively clings to the unities."

Christine smiled. "That's probably what she did—she is one of the lecturers out at the woman's college; she lectures on the Greek drama."

"H'm," murmured the manager; "the last person in the world who could write an actable play." He looked keenly at the meditative face of the actress. "Can't you see how hopelessly unactable it is?" he asked; "can't you see that it wouldn't run one night?"

"Yes," Christine reluctantly admitted, "I can, of course."

"Then why will you insist upon wasting your time and money by putting it on?" demanded the manager.

"Why," said Christine, "it's Mary's; she's my friend, and I'm hers—and she wants me to play it."

"Naturally," observed the manager, "but I must say you reason about it more like a boarding-school girl than a famous star, and a level-headed actress-manageress, at that."

Christine laughed. "Do I?" she said. "Well, we were boarding-school girls together, before I became famous and level-headed. She was good to me even then; I imposed on her dreadfully," she continued reminiscently, "but she always stood by me anyway—in everything, no matter what."

"That's no reason why you should produce her play," put in the manager.

"And afterward," continued the actress, as though she had not heard, "she was always more equal to my emergencies than I was myself. She stayed in the city one hot, *hot* summer when I was ill, and nursed me."

"Charming," commented the manager ironically, "but out of date. A trained nurse would have been less picturesque, no doubt, but just as effectual, I should say."

The actress looked at him. "I couldn't afford trained nurses then," she said simply; "it was before I was a famous star."

"But I still don't see why you should produce her play," the manager said, after a short silence.

"Don't you?" asked the star, with a faint smile. "I do."

"If it falls flat—and it will; I assure you it will—she will blame you. They are all like that, playwrights," remarked the manager.

Again Christine smiled. "Mary Gregory blame me! She never in her life blamed me for anything; she isn't likely to begin now."

"Devoted of her, I'm sure," returned the manager; "but in that case," he added quickly, grasping at a straw, "she might not blame you for not producing it at all."

"Oh, no," Christine agreed, "she wouldn't."

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The manager stared. "Then why are you going to do it? Why don't you tell her it's no good, that it will fail?"

"She wouldn't believe me," explained the actress. "'They are all like that, playwrights,'" she quoted, with a laugh.

"How about Henry Wilkie? Have you overlooked the trifling fact that you signed a contract with him to produce that dramatization of his 'Silver Rings'—"

"Before the first of November. That leaves me a month and more in which to give Mary's comedy." She took the manuscript and read from the title-page, "'A comedy in three acts entitled "Now."' That leaves me plenty of time in which to produce 'Now,'" she repeated. "I can open my season with it."

The manager rose. "So you are quite determined to produce this piece of inconsequent frippery?" he demanded, in desperation.

"Quite," Christine replied, irrevocably.

The manager regarded her for an instant thoughtfully. "Then the parts had better be assigned at once," he said, without further comment. "How many are there?"

"Three—besides mine," said the actress. "It's not such a very hazardous venture, you see," she supplemented, consolingly. "Not much to do for my best friend, in the name of our lifelong friendship. She has done infinitely more for me. It's not much," she repeated.

The manager did not reply; but when he had left the actress, and was safely out of her hearing, he shook his head and ejaculated to himself, "*Too* much, by Jove! But women will be women, even the brainiest of them." The manager, it will be seen, was philosophical.

As for the star, she was not philosophical; stars seldom are. But she was exceedingly impulsive, and very generous, as stars often are. She was most charming, too, and very beautiful, and she acted remarkably; in short, she quite deserved the intense affection of her friends and the whole-hearted adoration of her public.

As soon as she was alone she took the much-questioned manuscript from the table upon which the manager had dropped it, and, seating herself in a deep wicker chair, she read it for the third or fourth time from beginning to end. Then she leaned back in her chair and sighed. "It is so impossible!" she exclaimed; "and yet it isn't amateurish; it is even delightful in places; but—but it just isn't a play. Still, the least I can do is to put it on. If it fails, and it—may; well, Mary is plucky. She won't cry over spilled milk!" The actress laughed. "Indeed she won't. She'll mop it neatly up, and begin to comfort me because I helped to spill it!" Her beautiful face softened and she smiled very tenderly. "Dear little Mary," she said, softly.

Dear little Mary, who in point of size was almost a head taller than Christine, and in regard to physical strength was at least her equal multiplied by two, took an absorbing interest in all the details connected with the preparations for the production of her comedy. The rehearsals began before the college year. Mary devoted her mornings to attending the rehearsals, her afternoons to outlining her forthcoming lectures on the Greek drama, and her evenings to dreaming dreams that would have given the manager a certain grim amusement, had he known, and dismayed Christine beyond words, had she known. Christine, indeed, found some cause for distress in the almost daily sight of Mary's rapturous face as she watched the rehearsals of her play. "If *only* it could succeed," the actress often and often whispered to herself; "if only it *could!* Mary is plucky—but *if* it only could succeed!"

"If only it could *succeed!*" she repeated to the manager, after the last rehearsal.

"But it can't!" replied the manager, gruffly. "I told you that in the beginning; yet you would waste your time, strength, and money on it. It will run one night. Then you'll have to rush Silver Rings on, without half enough advertising, and not much more than half enough rehearsing of the company. Henry Wilkie is already in a fidget over it. He doesn't say anything to *you*, but he bores me to death."

The manager's tone was aggrieved, and Christine smiled. "It's too bad," she said. "But," she repeated once more, "I *do* wish Mary's play could succeed. "It goes pretty well at rehearsal!" she added, reflectively.

"Because there is so little to go," complained the manager. "A college dramatic club could make it go."

"And the company like the play," Christine went on, slowly.

"Because they think you do," explained the manager, shortly.

"And Mary is delighted—"

"She's a lecturer on the Greek drama. What on earth can *she* know about plays?"

Christine laughed; then her face became grave. "Poor Mary," she said, gently. "It will be hardest for *her*. It's her play, her first play, and she is so sure, so absolutely *certain*, that it's good. *We* are prepared for failure—but she isn't."

"Well, I can't see that I'm to blame," said the manager, a trifle impatiently. "I advised you, urged you, implored you not to give it."

"I know," Christine assented. "I'm not blaming any one—not even myself. It is one of the inscrutable inevitabilities of life," she added, pensively.

The manager found heart to laugh. "Indeed?" he said.

"It will be hardest for Mary," Christine thought as she lay resting, on the afternoon preceding the first performance of Mary Gregory's comedy in three acts entitled "Now;" "it will, of course, but it will be next hardest for me! I almost wish I hadn't decided to play it; it seems rather mean, letting her think it will succeed when it won't. I almost wish I'd told her it was utterly hopeless; I do—only she wouldn't have believed me. I wish—oh, I don't know *what*—I wish! Either that she had never written a play—one's best friends really shouldn't—or that it could succeed! I never felt so mean! And yet what could I do?"

She sighed, and, raising herself on her elbow, thumped the pillows of the couch into greater softness. Then, falling back among them, she closed her eyes and tried to sleep. But Mary's face came before her and would not allow her to discontinue her disturbing musings. "Poor little Mary!" she exclaimed, half aloud. "And in New York, too! I really should have planned to try it first—and last—somewhere else. Poor little Mary!" she said again, as again she pounded her pillows.

When Mary knocked cautiously at her door an hour later, Christine was still awake, still half-accusing, half-defending herself for that which she had described to the manager as one of the inscrutable inevitabilities of life. She welcomed Mary with even more than usual warmth. She kissed her several times, and would have helped her remove her hat and wraps, but Mary quickly performed these offices for herself. She took off her gloves, too, and fastened back a stray lock of her brown hair. Then she turned to Christine and laughingly pushed her down upon her pillows, tucked the gay silk blanket deftly around her, and, seating herself on the rug beside the couch, took one of Christine's hands in both her own.

Christine smiled to herself; Mary certainly had some of the ways of boarding-school girls! She looked at Mary thoughtfully. Mary was big and brown and eager and protective; she always had been. Christine herself was not very big, and she was fair-haired and gray-eyed, and less eager; but she too was somewhat protective.

It was perhaps this very protectiveness that led her to say as she contemplated her friend sitting on the rug beside her holding her hand, "Mary, dear, if it should fail!"

Mary smiled indulgently. "Oh, but it won't! You always expect things to fail—the afternoon before the first night." She rubbed her cheek against Christine's hand. "Don't say another word about it, dear, I know just how you feel," she added, gently. "You must rest, and try to go to sleep. Just let me do the worrying about its failing."

"I can't!" exclaimed Christine, with an emphasis at which Mary, not understanding, laughed outright.

"Can't you?" she said. "Well, anyway, you can go to sleep! And I must go home. Oh, by the way, dear, could I stay behind with you, to-night? You see, I've really seen it from the front so often at rehearsals. I haven't got any relatives to go with—and a lot of the people from the college are coming. I'd rather be totally out of sight."

"So should I," groaned Christine to herself, but to Mary she said easily: "Of course. I know just how you feel. And I'd love to have you behind with me. Come early."

Mary went very early, but she found Christine already dressed, and sitting in her dressing-room, surrounded by masses of flowers. "First night flowers," said the actress; "what can I do with all of them? But *you* didn't send me any," she began, smiling with outward gayety but inward misery at Mary's shining eyes and happily flushed cheeks.

"I brought them," said Mary. "Gentians; they are precisely the color of your eyes when you are excited." She fastened them in Christine's gossamer-like white gown—that one gown which, as Christine had told the manager, was all that she should need for this venture, which was after all turning out so much more disastrously even than the manager had prophesied. "Mary is plucky; she won't cry over spilled milk," Christine had at the beginning repeated to herself for comfort. "I do wish it needn't *be* spilled," was the most that she could say to herself of comfort, as Mary pinned the gentians to her gown. "One's friends certainly ought *not* to write plays!" she added.

But she still said nothing of this to Mary; and Mary, with a tact which Christine had never so thoroughly appreciated, did not mention her comedy, which in less than half an hour was to be tried by her friend, because of their friendship, and found wanting.

The theater was crowded—but the theater always was crowded on Christine's first nights, especially in New York. Few of the people in the audience knew anything about the new play, but few of the people in any audience ever do know very much about the new play; few read the playwright's name on the programme; few ever do read it. The audience was very average, as Christine was well aware. It had come to see her act an actable play. She could act—she knew that; but her heart sank when she thought of the play. She was generous even to the extent of feeling sorrier for Mary than she felt for herself.

She kissed Mary very tenderly when she left her for the first act of the comedy. At the end of the act, to her amazement, the audience applauded deafeningly, again and again. The act had gone pretty well—as well as it had gone at the rehearsals. The audience had accompanied it, not with bursts of mirth, but with quiet intentness, and soft, almost continuous laughter.

"Well!" whispered Christine to the manager, as she passed him on her way to answer her seventh curtain call.

"It's not the play; it's you," the manager said, briefly, but with distinct bewilderment.

"I suppose it's still me," observed the actress, ungrammatically, at the end of the next act, as she returned from her tenth curtain call, holding in her hand an American Beauty rose which Henry Wilkie, whose dramatization of his novel "Silver Rings" she had signed a contract to produce before the first of November, had tossed to her from his box.

The manager looked dazed. "I don't know!" he replied.

Christine found Mary standing in the doorway of her dressing-room. "You say my eyes are the color of gentians when I'm excited," said the actress, touching the flowers as she spoke.

"Yes," said Mary, wonderingly, "and they are exactly that color now."

"Well, they ought to be!" Christine said, enigmatically.

The manager also appeared to be excited. He glanced at Mary in surprise. "*She* seems calm enough," he observed to Christine, just before the curtain rose for the last act.

"She didn't expect it to fall flat," Christine returned, as she went forward in answer to her cue.

The last act fell by no means flat. At the end, after prolonged and wildly enthusiastic applause, the audience demanded the author and a speech. The manager collapsed completely; Christine grew dizzy with sudden revulsion of feeling; the milk had not been spilled, after all! Mary had a bright red spot on each cheek, but she was by far the most self-possessed of the three. "*Somebody* make a speech," said the manager, weakly.

"I simply can't stand anything more," Christine declared; and so it was left to Mary to make the speech; which she did, clinging to Christine's hand. It was a very little speech, and no one in the audience heard a word of it, but they all applauded with ringing enthusiasm. Seldom had a play been a more brilliant success on its first night.

"It won't last," persisted the manager, even after reading the newspaper reviews the next morning. "It won't last." But it did.

One morning, about a month after that night, so amazing to every one immediately concerned, except possibly Mary, the manager called to consult Christine. Mary was with her, but she soon rose to go. "I have to lecture on Aristophanes at two," she explained.

"It is the twenty-first of October," said the manager the moment he was alone with Christine.

"Well?" queried the actress.

"You have that contract with Henry Wilkie; you have agreed to put on his dramatization of 'Silver Rings' before the first of November."

"Yes," acquiesced Christine.

"You had better get him to let you save it over for next season," said the manager. "You won't need any other play this year." He paused and looked at her quizzically. "I never was more surprised in my life; it seemed such a hopeless play. I am glad you insisted upon giving it."

Christine smiled, and the manager added: "But if I remember correctly, you didn't insist because it seemed any more hopeful to you—"

Christine laughed. "You remember quite correctly," she said.

When he had gone she went to her desk to write a note to Henry Wilkie. But she did not write it at once. She sat smiling softly, her lovely face all happily aglow. "Dear little Mary!" she said. "She was always plucky—but I'm glad, so glad it succeeded!"

And the manager, hurrying down the street, also meditated upon Mary. "Aristophanes!" he muttered; "she had to give a lecture on Aristophanes. She is the most serene playwright I ever saw—and I've seen a few playwrights in my time. She takes her success exactly as she'd take a drink of water. It doesn't excite her a bit more. Well, women are"—he stopped and laughed—"what one of them calls 'inscrutable inevitabilities of life!' Aristophanes! Who was Aristophanes, anyway?"

Mary, meanwhile, was answering this question before her class in her lecture-room. Between sentences she thought about her play, and about Christine. "I knew it was good," she mused, but I wonder, I *do* wonder, if the manager, or even Christine herself, had any idea that it would be *quite* such a big, really *big*, success!"

Comment on Current Books

The Disassociation of a Personality Under this title is given an account of the extraordinary psychical phenomena to which an unstable nervous organization may give rise. Psychologists record numerous instances of this. The stream of consciousness which constitutes personality and character, while normally single and identical, divides into double or multiple, so that in one person two or more persons with dissimilar traits—physical, mental, and moral—alternately appear, and the classic fable of Proteus is dramatized in real life. To the celebrated cases of this sort, another, as remarkable as any of them, is here added by an eminent physician, Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston. Since 1898 he has had under care a patient fictitiously named "Miss Beauchamp," an educated and more than ordinarily refined person, who permits him, in the interest of science, to publish this "biographical study in abnormal psychology," with sketches of the seemingly distinct personalities which carried on "a pathological drama" in her life. Her normal self, besides its modification in the hypnotic state, like a river which divides into separate channels, some through sand, some through rock, became for years disintegrated into several dissimilar selves, successively "born" and alternately dominant; viz., "Sally," a clever, mischief-loving creature; "The Idiot," and

"The Saint." Of these, "the Idiot," as "Sally" unjustly dubbed her, was more normal and healthy in mind and body than the real Miss Beauchamp. The social life which these two carried on by turns during intervals while the real Miss Beauchamp was suppressed was both comic and tragic. Finally, after long and baffling struggles, in which the *sine qua non* was achieved by the suppression of "Sally," Miss Beauchamp was "put together," and last summer the reconstruction gave hope of permanency. As a scientific study in an obscure field of research now being actively explored, Dr. Prince's work is one of interest. A full discussion of the questions involved is reserved for a following volume. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.80, net.)

Half-Century Messages In this series of papers, mostly brief and all suggestive, Dr. W. C. Huntington, Chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University, presents to pastors and people a variety of subjects which seem to him to deserve more full and frequent treatment in the pulpit and in church literature than they receive. The papers on "Some Causes of Ministerial Unacceptableness," "In the Church, but Unconverted," "Christians and Money," are noteworthy as specimens. (Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.)

Kindergarten Bible Stories A peculiarly gifted teacher of little children, Laura Ella Cragin, exhibits here her successful method of awakening their interest in the Bible through the narratives which are naturally attractive to them. Her book is a boon not only to kindergartners, but to parents who feel the duty of religious instruction in the home, and wish to acquire the best method of its beginnings. The series, which ends with the story of Ruth, deserves continuation in another volume. (Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

A Maker of History Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has few equals in the concoction of an exciting plot, and his new tale is really remarkable in the ingenuity and consistency with which the complications are managed. It starts with a singular incident—the accidental witnessing by a young Englishman of a secret meeting between the Kaiser and the Czar, and his finding a single sheet of paper blown about by the wind but containing a secret of enormous international importance. The possession of this document involves the ingenuous youth, and later on his sister and two aspirants for her hand, in an extraordinary series of adventures with spies and secret police, and in the end averts a great war which the Russo-German secret alliance would have otherwise precipitated upon England. Very clever use is made of the North Sea affair, and fiction is dovetailed into recent history in an exceedingly deft fashion. Altogether the romance is an exceptionally good specimen of sensational story-telling. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

Luther's Church Postil Gospels This tenth volume of the new and standard edition of Luther's works contains his Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany sermons, first published in Latin in 1521, and dedicated to his protector, the Elector Frederick. Translated immediately into German, they now appear for the first time in English from the hand of scholarly translators, and the editorship of Dr. J. N. Lenker, of Minneapolis. Luther's postils, *i.e.*, homilies, on the Gospels are esteemed the best of his sermons. (Lutherans in All Lands Company, Minneapolis. $2.25.)

Penrose's Pictorial Annual With its wealth of illustration, both in color and in black and white, and its careful description of technical processes, this book will be of special interest and value to photographers and illustrators. It embodies a review of the progress of the graphic arts for the year, more especially as regards their photo-mechanical reproduction. Many photographs are here reproduced by the three-color process, and in some cases these show an advance over previous work, though, as the editor, Mr. William Gamble, well says, "much of the three-color work of to-day gives one the feeling of something wanting." (A. W. Penrose & Co., London; Tennant & Ward, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City. $2.50, net.)

The Place of Magic In this monograph Dr. Lynn Thorndike, sometime University Fellow of Columbia, limits his inquiry concerning "the place of magic in the intellectual history of Europe" to the Roman Empire, as summing up and transmitting to the mediæval age the views of the ancient world. Magic, defined as primitive man's attitude to Nature, is used as a class-name, including a variety of beliefs and practices, such as astrology, divination, necromancy, belonging to the realm of occult knowledge. Reviewing the statements of educated men, Cicero, Pliny, and others, Dr. Thorndike finds no instance of consistent disbelief in magic. The noteworthy point in the résumé is that magic among the educated was always associated with science, and is related to it as the guesses of the child to the positive knowledge of the man. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 75c.)

Letters to The Outlook

OBJECTIONS TO JOINT STATEHOOD

[Greatly to their honor, several subscribers in Arizona have written letters in behalf of that Territory. The following utterances have been selected from their communications, as they include practically all the arguments advanced against joint Statehood. We note, incidentally, that if the illiterate Indians be excluded from the list of impediments to Statehood, they should not be included in the number of inhabitants which is considered sufficient for Statehood. It is noteworthy that our correspondents agree in preferring the Territorial status to joint Statehood. There is much force in the contention that the people of Arizona have a right to remain a Territory if they so desire, but none in the claim that they have a right to determine whether, if admitted, they shall be admitted separately or in conjunction with another State.—THE EDITORS.]

New Mexico's population is twice Arizona's. One-third New Mexico's population neither reads, writes, nor speaks English. Another third is Spanish-American—technically, a euphuism for Mexican. You in New York have a percentage of Italians or Hungarians or Slavs. In the New Mexican Legislature in the last ten years Americans—*i. e., not* Mexican or Spanish-American persons—have predominated once. Would you call it sentimental attachment to a locality in which one's interests lie that stands in the way of a harmonious co-operation with one's so distant neighbors when the chance for political equality or a voice in the administration is so small as the suffrages would allow? Or would it be a matter of dollars and cents? It is the life of a community to have some voice in the disposition of the money it pays the State in taxes; the prospect of such voice after jointure with New Mexico is too slight to be given serious consideration.

Arizona is sorry that Statehood was ever mentioned. Arizona has had enough Statehood already. Arizona refuses to admit that the Nation's interest requires of her such sacrifice; for jointure would deprive her of the last vestige of hope.

GUY L. JONES,
Secretary Harvard Club.
Mesa, Arizona.

I do not care to argue for the admission of Arizona as a separate State at this time, nor to try to refute your argument that the admission would give it a disproportionate power in the Senate. The justice of that statement is indisputable. But I do protest against making a bad matter worse by linking us to New Mexico and forcing on us a Statehood condition which not one-tenth of the people desire. On the contrary, they vigorously oppose it. Your fear of railroad interest predominating in the politics of the State is unfounded. The Territory has suffered too much and too long from discrimination in rates against it to support railroad interests. The mining interest undoubtedly predominates, but is not so disreputable a business or so grasping as to be utterly condemned. Our big companies in Arizona are run by a class of men who will compare favorably with the captains of industry in any walk of life. GEORGE B. CHITTENDEN.

Saddle Mountain Mining Company,
Christmas, Arizona.

Ultimate single Statehood for Arizona is largely a matter of sentiment. It is a manifestation of the sentiment which every man has for family; which most Americans hold for their State; which we all have for our country. In a word, it is local patriotism. Arizona is young—forty years covers her Territorial history—but Arizonans have a pride in her past and unbounded confidence in her future. Arizona is not now asking for Statehood. Whether or not she should be admitted as a single State is not the present issue. At this session a portion of the Congress of the United States is in favor of joining Arizona and New Mexico and admitting them now as one State. Arizona is opposed to the jointure, and rather than accept it would prefer to remain a Territory indefinitely. The issue, then, from an Arizona standpoint is: "Is Arizona entitled to remain a Territory and further develop her resources until fitted to be erected into a State, or must she, without opportunity to voice her wishes, be now joined to New Mexico and lose her autonomy?"

It is true that Statehood is a National question and that Arizona is not alone to be considered. Nevertheless, it is easy for the East to do the West an injustice which may possibly result disastrously to the future of the Nation. Granted that at present it is unfair to admit Arizona, with less than 200,000 people, to equal representation in the United States Senate with New York or Pennsylvania, can it be now foretold what its population will be fifty or one hundred years hence? It may well be that at the end of fifty years the excess of power in the East in the Senate by reason of numerous small States will give to the West with its few States of large area just cause for complaint; and that then the ratio of representation of Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, or Vermont will be as unfair to California, Oregon, Washington, or even Arizona, as that of Arizona would be now to the more populous Eastern States. Fifty years just passed has seen a wonderful growth in all sections of our country. May not the next fifty be as great? Illinois had hardly a white person in 1810—Arizona hardly one in 1860. Who can tell the population of Arizona fifty years hence?

Arizona's present interests, it is charged, are largely mining. True, but mining is not the only resource. The entire area of the State of Rhode Island is not the one-half of the *farming* land in Arizona. (Statistics of Agriculture, Vol. 5, Twelfth Census, table 19.) Without cumbering this letter with references, it is fair to say, while the Twelfth United States Census shows Arizona as ranking fourteenth among the States in mineral products, it ranked higher than fourteenth in timber lands, in sheep, and in cattle. It is only because of the munificent mineral endowment of this Territory that the other and less noticeable resources are lost to sight.

It is also true that Arizona's average of illiteracy is twenty-nine per cent., as stated by The Outlook. But it is disingenuous for The Outlook to withhold the fact that this percentage is based upon figures which include 22,000 Indians, not voting, out of a total of 123,000 people, and that these Indians are almost wholly illiterate. "Table 57. Illiterate population at least ten years of age," Abstract Twelfth Census, tells the following tale:

		White.	
State or Territory.	Total.	Native.	Foreign Born.
Arizona	29.0	6.2	35.2
New Mexico	33.2	29.4	34.8
Massachusetts	5.9	0.8	14.6
New York	5.5	1.2	14.0
Virginia	22.9	11.1	10.9
Illinois	4.2	2.1	9.1
Alabama	34.0	14.8	9.3

Table 56, idem, is also interesting:

Population attending school, p. 73, Abs. Twelfth Census, 1900. Per cent. of population of school age attending school:

State or Territory.	Total.	White.	Negro.
Arizona	44.1	50.4	39.7
New Mexico	40.6	41.5	42.9
Massachusetts	58.5	58.6	51.8
New York	53.9	54.1	40.9
Virginia	42.2	48.1	22.8
Illinois	54.5	54.6	46.9
Alabama	32.3	40.5	22.8

As to the charge that the population of Arizona is fluctuating, the only answer possible is a flat denial, with a reference to the United States Census, which shows a steady, healthy growth during the forty years of its life.

That the Mormon Church is the controlling, or a possible controlling, element in the voice of Arizona may be met with the statement of The Outlook itself: "To admit Arizona . . . is to admit Senators to the United States Senate . . . and it is probably to give three-fourths of that power . . . to certain railroads and mining interests, the paid advocates of which they would be." And this quotation calls to mind the charge by The Outlook that "there are very large and not altogether scrupulous special interests concerned in securing the admission of these four Territories as separate States. These are railroad and mining interests. They are already very influential, if not absolutely controlling, in Arizona, New Mexico, and Indian Territory. . . . The railroad and mining interests would control two and probably three of these States, and thus secure four, if not six, Senators in a body which is already quite too much under the influence of the advocates of special interests."

It is easy to make charges of this character and impossible to refute them. It is patent, though, that they lose much force on considering that the new States, if these statements are true, would be in no worse plight than some of the Eastern States. Let us be frank: Who controls the railroads and mines—Eastern or Western men? It must be conceded, Eastern men. Who, then, is to blame for the corruption—Arizona or the Eastern capitalists? And is Arizona to be blamed for sending advocates of special intelligence to the United States Senate when the seven millions of New York are so represented, when the six millions of Pennsylvania are so represented, when Maryland, when New Jersey, when Rhode Island, and when Delaware are so represented?

This last quotation is hard to reconcile with the statement made in the second article in The Outlook: "It seems rather strange that the rich mine-owners of Arizona should be here fighting Statehood, either single or joint; but the reason for it is not far to seek. They own the Territory now. They own it. They are lords of the estate. Naturally, they do not want to run any risks by a change to Statehood." Why not, forsooth, if they are to dominate the State? At present the Territory is ruled by Washington. Why, if there is injustice done in taxation in Arizona, does not Congress, with its plenary power, right the wrong? Are not our courts appointed by the President? Is not our Governor? Is not the whole Territorial machinery Federal? It must be that the mine-owners' protection is Washington, not Arizona, and that they are content to let it so remain.

Every argument that The Outlook has advanced is one against the present admission of either Arizona or New Mexico. It has urged the sparseness of our population, the illiteracy of our people, the domination of special interests, the injustice of equal representation in the Senate. Whatever merit there may be in the arguments, it suffices to say that the political injustice to the Nation cannot be lessened by uniting two Territories, each unfitted for Statehood, and bringing them in as one State.

Arizona, as was said before, does not now ask for Statehood. It has reasons which justify the confidence of its people in its ability to demonstrate its fitness for Statehood in another decade. It has within its borders more land susceptible of cultivation to ordinary crops than Pennsylvania, more timber lands than Maine ever had, more sheep and cattle than a majority of the States east of the Mississippi, and, as far as can now be determined, more mineral wealth than any of the States. It has its own system of laws and its judicial decisions. It has its own Capitol, its University, and its eleemosynary institutions. It has both the finest winter climate, at Phœnix and Tucson, and the finest summer climate, at Prescott, Flagstaff, and the Grand Cañon, in America.

It is not mere sentiment alone that causes Arizona to ask consideration in this matter. There is a radical difference between the laws of New Mexico and Arizona. A union with New Mexico entails the probable adoption of a constitution framed to best serve New Mexican interests, an enforcement of New Mexican laws in Arizona, the domination of New Mexican ideas in future legislation, and the substitution in Arizona of a Latin in place of Arizona's present Anglo-Saxon civilization. It means a practical extinction, for years to come, of Arizona's voice in the affairs of state. Who in Arizona can or would view such an outlook but with alarm? Arizona asks of the American people and of their representatives in Congress that fundamental right of American States to a voice in the determination of their future—that the people of Arizona may vote separately, and the action of a majority of its voters be controlling upon the question of jointure with New Mexico.

E. W. LEWIS.

Phœnix, Arizona,

READING MATTER FOR PANAMA

I venture to address you on behalf of the men who work on the Panama Canal. Of course you know that there are thousands of the very best Americans employed there as engineers, as superintendents, as constructors, and in various capacities. It is also known that these men in the treacherous climate prevailing on the Isthmus are exposed to peculiar dangers and liable to be stricken at short notice. To receive those who appear to be threatened with malaria or yellow fever, and to treat those who are actually in danger, large hospitals adapted to receive hundreds of patients have been established. The one thing needed in these hospitals is reading matter. I have been informed that the greatest agony to which these patients are subjected is to be confined in the hospitals for days and weeks, and to have nothing to read.

I do not know who better to ask to start proper proceedings toward supplying the hospitals of Panama with reading matter than The Outlook. I should think, of course, that some steps should be taken, not only to supply reading matter at once, but also to supply current literature from time to time. It can hardly be expected of the Government to do this. I remember that during the Civil War, when I was at the front, the boys were being supplied with reading matter, not by Government, but by properly organized private subscribers. I remember also what a boon it was to receive these wondrous magazines in places where, but for them, nothing but hardship, disease, or death stared us in the face. The impressions given by well-written treatises upon men thus situated are deeper and more far-reaching and beneficial than could be produced upon men actively employed in centers of civilization. I hope that through your assistance some measures may be taken towards meeting the justifiable craving of our fellow-men for the highest kind of food.

Reading matter should be addressed to the "Director of Hospitals," Ancon, Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama. Packages weighing not over four pounds may be sent by mail to the Zone at the domestic rate of postage. Packages exceeding that weight may be similarly addressed, but sent through the Panama Railroad Company, 24 State Street, New York. ARTHUR V. BRIESEN.

[An excellent suggestion. We urge our readers to aid in this by sending reading matter to the address above given.—THE EDITORS.]

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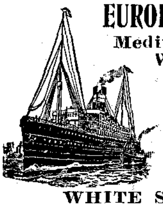

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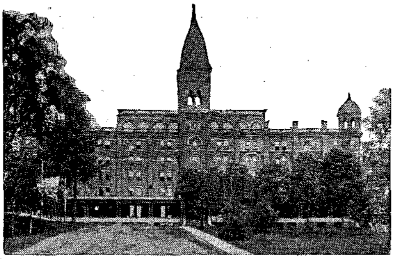

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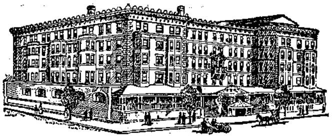

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